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BEST OF ALL...IT'S A CADILLAC.



LET'S GET IT TOGETHER...BUCKLE UP

COVER: Researchers are beginning to unlock the mystery of pain 58

The sharp edge or the dull throb of pain sends more Americans in search of a cure than any other malady. Whether it springs from arthritis, migraine or from unknown causes, pain disables more people than cancer or heart disease. Yet it is still little understood, and only now are doctors realizing that those in agony require special treatment of both mind and body. See **MEDICINE**.



NATION: Reagan goes to Ireland, Normandy and an economic summit 22

Turmoil over U.S. foreign policy simmers in the background of the President's picturesque tour abroad and his friendly talks with allies. ▶ Reagan remembers D-day. ▶ Hart, Mondale and Jackson battle wearily before the last round of primaries. ▶ As the Democratic Convention nears, campaign ads multiply and get meaner. ▶ Viet Nam's Unknown Soldier is laid ceremonially to rest.



WORLD: An inauguration and some surprises in Central America 34

El Salvador's new President takes office, an explosion rocks the headquarters of a U.S.-supported *contra*, and George Shultz makes an unexpected stop in Nicaragua. ▶ An official Israeli report reveals how two Arab terrorists were killed. ▶ The CIA's clandestine arms pipeline to guerrillas fighting the Soviet army in Afghanistan. ▶ Growls from Gromyko.



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American Scene
In Marshall, Ark., the barbershop is the social center, and whittling away at a cedar stick is a good way to pass time.

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Books
Jonathan Schell and Freeman Dyson argue eloquently against the nuclear arsenal. ▶ *In Another Country* is a haunting novel.

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A chickenpox vaccine could be on the market by 1986, providing relief at last from the tormentingly itchy disease.

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A new book about the frenetic life and drug-related death of John Belushi pushes facts hard and comes up short on insight.

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Religion
Controversial and traditionalist, the Opus Dei movement has a global network of 75,000 disciples and the Pope's blessings.

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Essay
Commencement addresses are usually laced with wishes, tactical advice, aphorisms and the lessons of life. This one has a story.

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Cover:
Illustration by James Marsh

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A Letter from the Publisher

Senior Correspondent Ruth Mehr-
tens Galvin, who has long special-
ized in reporting for TIME on behavior,
amassed a collection of complaints by
patients about pain and its treatment.
"About the time the pile got to be a foot
high," she recalls, "I came across an
editorial in the *New England Journal of
Medicine* called 'The Quality of Mercy,'
which showed growing medical concern
about this problem." At that point
she suggested that TIME do a major story
on pain.

The idea struck a responsive chord
among TIME's editors in New York
City, particularly Associate Editor
Claudia Wallis, our Medicine writer. She
had been interested in the subject ever
since 1978, when she experienced the
anguish of surgery for a fractured
kneecap. The result is this week's
cover story, which was written by
Wallis and contributed to by
Reporter-Researcher Mary Carpenter.

A key investigator of the pain phenomenon
was San Francisco Correspondent
Dick Thompson. Says he: "One of the
strange things about pain is the mind's
refusal to keep old distress in focus.
In my younger days, a truck hit my car
and I spent nine months in an itchy
body cast, but I no longer have painful,
or even unpleasant, memories of the
event." Thompson, in reporting the
cover story, was especially impressed
by Seattle Anesthesiologist John Bonica,
an immigrant and former circus



Ruth Galvin, seated, Dr. Foley and staff

strongman who went on to become a
pioneer in the field of pain alleviation.
"I could listen to him for hours," says
Thompson, "which I did, over sushi in a
Seattle restaurant and salmon at his
home. You could make a corny, but
true, film about his life. Unfortunately,
jaded moviegoers wouldn't believe it."

Galvin, who interviewed dozens of
specialists on pain, says, "The subject
was even more absorbing than I could
have imagined. When I began interview-
ing Dr. Kathleen Foley, president of
the American Pain Society, I asked
her what she looks for in a research
fellow. She answered with one word:

brains. Pain, one of the most complicated
sensations processed by the central
nervous system, is now getting the
attention of many remarkable brains
like Dr. Foley's."

Galvin found that people with chronic
pain either focus their lives on it, or
consider it a monster to outwit and a
goad to greater achievement. Says she:
"President Kennedy, whose New
Hampshire primary campaign I covered
for TIME, was one of the latter. My
husband, who has arthritis, is another.
If ever I am confronted with chronic
pain, I will try to remember these
profiles in courage."

John a. meyers

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Just ask: Ronald Reagan, President of the United States, Eureka College, IL; Steve Bell, ABC News Correspondent/Anchorman, Central College, IA; Ray Cave, Managing Editor, TIME, St. John's College, MD; Margaret Heckler, U.S. Secretary of Health and Human Services, Albertus Magnus College, CT.

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Letters

Soviet Nyet

To the Editors:

Ideological as they are and political as they have become [OLYMPICS, May 21], the Games must go on. They are good medicine for politically tense times.

*Brian Boru O'Brien
Brighton, Mass.*

Here we go again! The Olympics have been turned into an international farce. Politics has taken control of the Games at the expense of the athletes. The Soviets are giving us a taste of our own medicine, but at least the Olympics should now be a contest of dedicated amateurs.

*Robert Loigman
North Caldwell, N.J.*

The Soviets withdrew from the Olympic Games not because they feared their



athletes would not be safe, nor to "get even" for President Carter's removal of American athletes from the Games in

Moscow in 1980. The real reason: they fear defection by their own athletes.

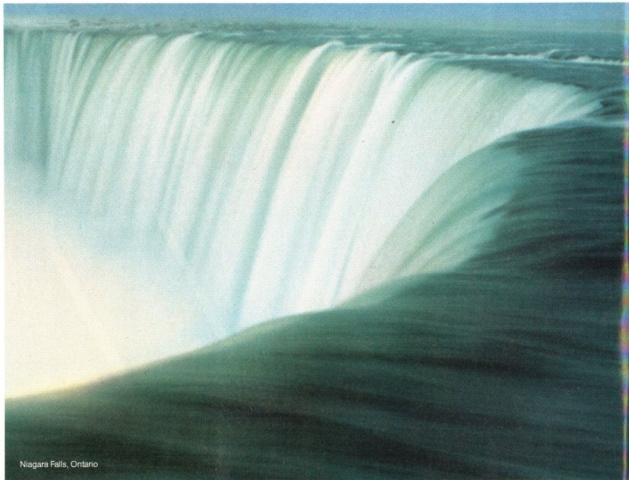
*William J. Turner
Northport, N.Y.*

The agony of default may lie in the perception of what the Olympics were meant to be and not in what they have become. It seems questionable to criticize the U.S.S.R. for exercising a freedom of choice we have already used. Politics has been a part of the Games for decades; perhaps the best we can do is recognize this and learn to deal with it.

*Letitia Abbott-Steele
Shreveport, La.*

Although the Soviets and their allies will not be attending the Olympic Games, I will not consider as second rate the achievements of those who win this summer. I am proud of this country's athletes and recognize their hard work and ex-

Come to Canada.



Niagara Falls, Ontario

traordinary ability. While I am sympathetic toward those who will not be competing, I feel we should refuse to let the Soviets ruin our fun simply because they will not come out to play.

*Bettie-Ann Likens
Ocean City, N.J.*

The U.S.S.R. is still killing and maiming innocent people in Afghanistan. To beg the Soviets to participate in the Games is one more example of America's inability to face up to the world as it is.

*Martin Davis
Knoxville, Tenn.*

By forbidding its splendid team of athletes to participate in the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles, the Soviet Union is damaging the only appealing aspect of its image as perceived by a majority of people on this side of the Iron Curtain. It is a vengeful and unsporting act. On the other hand, nobody is indispensable. I am ready to bet that there are plen-

ty of athletes who are secretly rubbing their hands at the prospect of reaping a medal where before they had no chance.

*Eva Scheidecker
Balschwiller, France*

Insufficient security? The Soviets cannot be serious. If the excuse had not been that, it would have been something else like pollution, weather, the food or too soft beds. Let them stay home. Have a nice summer, guys. We will not miss you.

*Jonathan Bloom
Miami*

This latest refusal to participate in the Olympics shows the desperate need for the Games to be depoliticized. Greece is the only place for the Games to be permanently seated. To have the Olympics reduced to a convenient political tool of the superpowers is a crime that all athletes should condemn.

*Dimitris N. Katsinis
Salonika, Greece*

Soviet Union to U.S.: You spoiled our party. We will spoil yours.

*Daniel W. Shenk
Cedar Falls, Iowa*

I personally get great satisfaction from the fact that the Soviets are finally withdrawing from some place.

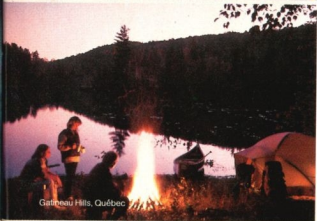
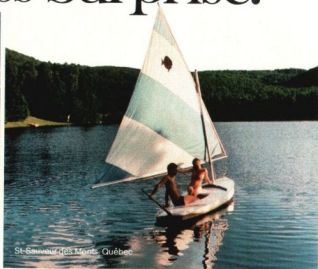
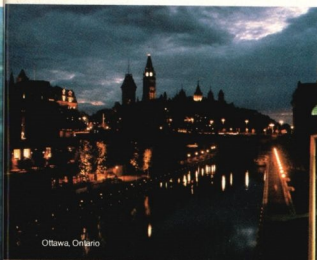
*Red Shrader
Gary, Ind.*

One solution to the Olympic boycott would be for the Western and East bloc countries to hold separate Olympics. The winners would then meet on neutral territory and hold a "Super Bowl" Olympics.

*Louis Argyres
Camino, Calif.*

You mention that the Games were suspended for 1,503 years and that the world survived. I am willing to try for another 1,503 years. About the only interesting competition I have seen in re-

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George Lopez/Pasadena, California



Martha Woodward/Pasadena, California



Martha Woodward/Pasadena, California

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Shirley MacLaine

Letters

cent Olympics is the contest over who can buy the TV rights and what firm is designated as supplier of the official Olympic Games toothpicks or whatever. Let us give the whole program a rest for a while.

*Donald O. Van Gilder
Aurora, Colo.*

The Soviet Union's concern for the safety of its youth at the Olympics is a good example of its hypocrisy. Surely the streets of Afghanistan are more dangerous than those of Los Angeles.

*Richard Filippi
Santa Clara, Calif.*

El Salvador Vote

President Reagan is properly supporting the forces of democracy in El Salvador (WORLD, May 21), and is correctly trying to exact a price from the Sandinista regime for its aid to the Salvadoran rebels. If El Salvador is allowed to fall to leftist rebels armed with Soviet weaponry supplied through Nicaragua, it will be only a matter of time before Central America is allied with the Soviet Union. Disputes over the level of democracy of El Salvador, or questions over Nicaraguan mining, must not cloud this central truth.

*Robert M. Lipshutz
Philadelphia*

Despite the recent "free" election in El Salvador, there is no rule of law in that country today. There is no budding democracy in a land where a pair of painted, dripping, white hands, the death-squad signature, is "branded forever in the psyche of the nation."

*Laurent A. Beauregard
Portland, Ore.*

Reagan and the Teflon Factor

If Mr. Sider considers the firing of the air-traffic controllers, the deployment of American missiles in Europe and the invasion of Grenada to be among Ronald Reagan's "achievements" (NATION, May 21), more power to him. But please keep him away from my neighborhood.

*Michael Buescher
Oberlin, Ohio*

By failing to mention Ronald Reagan's responsibility for the collapse of arms control, Hugh Sider has convinced me that this is indeed a "Teflon President."

*Richard L. Swenson
St. Paul*

Hugh Sider, in his column examining how the President seems to avoid being tarred by his own actions, writes: "The specific gravity of Reagan's achievements still is greater than that of his failures." The column says that Reagan's blunders "so far simply do not outweigh" what Mr. Sider considers to be the President's

achievements. Oh yeah? My scales show the blunders of the President to be much heavier than any of the so-called achievements.

*Claude C. Bowman
Merion Station, Pa.*

Aftereffects of Agent Orange

The settlement in the Agent Orange lawsuit is proper, but it is not enough (NATION, May 21). There is neither an admission nor a judicial finding of liability on the part of the chemical companies. Also, the U.S. Government's responsibility has yet to be tested in court. Veterans know they did their duty, and as payment they have been the focus of blame for both the conduct and the failure of the war. Veterans faced their responsibility then and are doing so now by examining their service in the harsh light of hindsight. They ask no less from their Government and from the makers of Agent Orange.

*Don Stepitch
West Lafayette, Ind.*

A Homecoming at Brent School

My husband and I were two of the American alumni who returned to Brent School in the Philippines (AMERICAN SCENE, May 21). I disagree with one statement in Ralph Graves' report. The school did not cease to exist during World War II after the Japanese army invaded. Among the people the Japanese interned were both faculty and students of Brent School. My father-in-law (headmaster 1939-40) was instrumental in continuing the education of the youngsters, and I am proud to say my husband Michael Shaffer was one of his students. He holds a high school diploma inscribed "Imperial Japanese Prisoner of War, Camp #3."

*Renée Shaffer
Boca Raton, Fla.*

Matching MacLaine's High Kick

Having just turned 50 and having just seen Shirley MacLaine's (SHOW BUSINESS, May 14) Oscar-winning performance, I decided to try that awesome kick in my living room. Unfortunately, I caught my toes on the TV. This resulted in a painful, demoralizing limp. I therefore yield to MacLaine's outstanding achievement.

*Elizabeth Martin
Huntington, Ind.*

I have danced most of my life, but I cannot do that Shirley MacLaine kick. I tried it 47 times. You do not know what an accomplishment it is until you try it.

*Joy R. Klues
Ridgefield, Conn.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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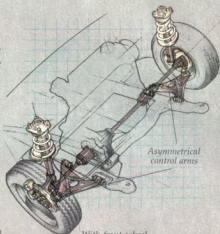
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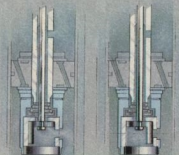
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American Scene

In Arkansas: Whittling Away



A cedar stick and a sharp knife are basic ingredients for good conversation in Marshall

On the square in Marshall, seat of Searcy County, Ark., men sit around in front of Buck Mays' store whittling down sticks of cedar. They do not whittle an object—a slingshot, say, or a whistle—so much as they just whittle away the stick. They make long, precise strokes, and the shavings curl before the blade like something delicate being wound. When the stick is reduced to an aromatic pile on the sidewalk, they go and get another.

Conversation turns on births, deaths, sicknesses, and the disease and the stubbornness in cattle. Nearly everybody in the county keeps cows, an arrangement that ties them up at first light and last but leaves the middle part of life open for discussion. And nearly everybody in the county is religious, religious in the sense that not only idle brains but idle hands as well are considered the devil's workshop. Whittling.

In inclement weather, or just when they decide it is time to get up and move, the whittlers whittle elsewhere, particularly in the barbershop operated by Don and Jan Blackwell. The Blackwells do not mind, even though sometimes all their waiting chairs are filled, but no one asks for a haircut. A sign above the mirrors says, **ALTHOUGH WE TAKE TURNS, FEEL FREE TO CHOOSE YOUR OWN BARBER.** This is to let the customers know that their feelings will not be hurt if someone shaggy elects to be shorn by Jan rather than Don, or the other way round. A regular haircut with nothing fancy is \$3, and a "style cut" is \$4. A style cut with a shampoo is \$7. All children who get their hair cut are given a penny to deposit in the bubble-gum machine. To take to the barber chair in Marshall is to take to the stage before an audience of whittlers.

Jan was giving R.W. Thurman a flat-

top the other day, while Chester Hickie, his baldness concealed by a Harry Truman-style hat, carved on a stick. R.W. was explaining that he still lives in Paragould, 153 miles away, while his wife lives in Marshall, where she was born. Three years ago, after 24 years of marriage, R.W.'s wife decided to come back to where she was from. R.W. sees her frequently, but he cannot move himself to be by her side always. "I got things back there I just can't turn loose of," he says.

While R.W. was saying that, Chester Hickie was saying to no one in particular that one man out in the county "is a genius whittler. He whittled a wagon and a team of horses. He whittled a fiddler. He whittles elephants with ears floppin'. He whittles mules with ears that work too." Still talking just to the air, Chester got up and said, "My arthritis. If I sit too long I have to get out and stir around a bit." On his way out the door, he passed a man who was just sticking his head in to say hello to Jan.

"What's going on out at Wood Springs this morning?" Jan asked.

"Not a thing," said the greeter. "but it might have picked up a little after I left."

Another man came in from the street and asked to use the toilet, and Don Blackwell said, "Yes sir. Help yourself." The radio was blaring a country refrain: "Let's go out in a blaze of glory." Three whittlers were sitting in a row, addressing their sticks.

Chester Hickie came back in and offered a stranger a stick and a knife, saying whittling keeps you calm and keeps you out of trouble. The stranger had been reading the newspaper, the *Marshall Mountain Wave*. Correspondent Sybel Smiley, writing the news from Nubbin Hill, had noted that "we have some very muddy roads

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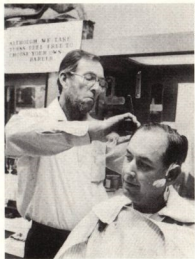
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American Scene

again. There isn't any bottom to anywhere now. The sun is trying to shine some, which looks good." Correspondent Rosie Ragland from over at Red Oak reported that "Pearl Davis and I purchased 15 hens from Mary Redman Saturday night." For the record, Ragland also wrote: "Norma Patterson has the shingles." Mrs. Bartley Williams' word from Archey Valley was "I am feeling some better after being in bed most of last week. I can be up now and do light housework."

In the Morning Star community, "Theresa and Larry Jackson just returned from a Bahamian cruise they won playing Chevrolet bingo. The cruise lasted five days." In Pindall, "Edith Vaughn has a new roof and two porches over her trailer house. It looks good." In Oxley, "Mr. and Mrs. Junior Harness took two loads of pigs to Thayer, Mo., last week. They were nice pigs." In the classifieds: "If your cows could talk, they would say buy a registered



Blackwell's barbershop is the social center

Angus bull, the long, tall kind, from Jim Hawkins' farms." The stranger put down the newspaper, took Chester Hickie's knife and whittled like a fool.

Sharon Caughron came in and said, "I'm so sick of cows." She said she had been kicked while milking one and that she had gone and bought a "screw-down kicker." This contraption, when tightened, puts pressure on the cow's flanks, making it impossible for the cow to kick. "So now I screw it down till her eyes pop out, and she don't kick me any more."

A blue-haired woman with a new skillet came in, insulted the whittlers, told them to sweep up their mess, took a seat and looked for all the world like she was waiting on the end of time.

Sharon Caughron got up and left in the company of Bernice Drewry, calling back over her shoulder that they were "going to paint the town." "Red?" asked Jan Blackwell. "We haven't picked the color yet," said Sharon.

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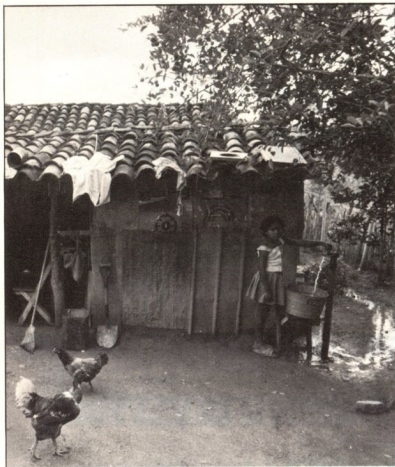
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Chester Hickle, on his feet again on account of his arthritis, looked out of the window and said, "There goes Howard Tree. That fellow's got a brilliant memory. He can tell you everything that happened from the time he was ten years old."

A businessman came in saying he had been to Kansas City. "They got Coke machines there that talk to you. They say, 'Thank you' and 'Have a nice day' and 'Sorry, that nickel is bent,' that sort of thing. There were country boys there buying Coke they didn't want, just to get the machines talking."

Another man poked his head in the door, then walked away. Don Blackwell, immediately realizing that the potential customer thought he had a long wait since the shop was full of people, ran after the fellow, explaining that the shop was full of people, not customers, and that he would be next. The man came back for a \$4 cut.

Some young people who live in a cave came in. They were Kyle and Jill Ingram and their children, Tony and Erik, and their friends, Donald Loenichen and Kimberly Kerr, who are engaged. "We're just basically into self-sufficiency," said Kyle. "We're not nuts. We want to live in both worlds." He said the cave was an eighth of a mile long and had "nice vaulted ceilings." Somebody asked how they had made it through the winter, and Donald said, "Well, we started with a kerosene heater. That didn't work too well. We went to freezing to death, but that didn't last long. Mr. Blackwell here built us a wood stove, and it worked out all right."

Don Blackwell washed and cut Kimberly's hair, and Jan Blackwell washed and cut Jill's. The men took the children out to buy kites. Across the street, old people were playing dominoes in the basement of the courthouse. An elderly man was walking round the square whacking headless parking meters with his cedar stick. He said he used to walk around whacking them when the meter tops were attached, but the city had the meters taken off because they cost too much to keep in good repair. "It used to make a bigger racket before they cut 'em down."

Sharon Caughron came back in and said she had a cow die "with the scours." The scours are diarrhea. "I had some scour stopper in a bucket, but it was too late." Chester Hickle wandered back in, recalling a violent time, years ago, when a "man as innocent as you or me was over there in the café eating a bowl of soup or chili and they just shot him off the stool." Chester did not go into details. Don Blackwell said that all the stories that are told in his barbershop are told time and time again. "It's a perpetual-motion thing."

At 5 o'clock, the Blackwells close shop and go home to tend their own cows. The last thing they do is sweep the wood shavings separate from the clumps of clipped hair. They take the cedar home to their farmhouse and use it to start a sweet-scented fire.

—By Gregory Jaynes

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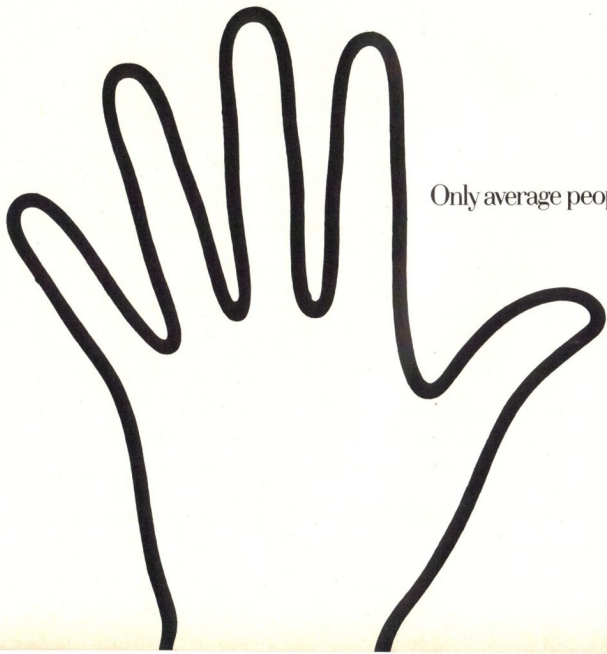
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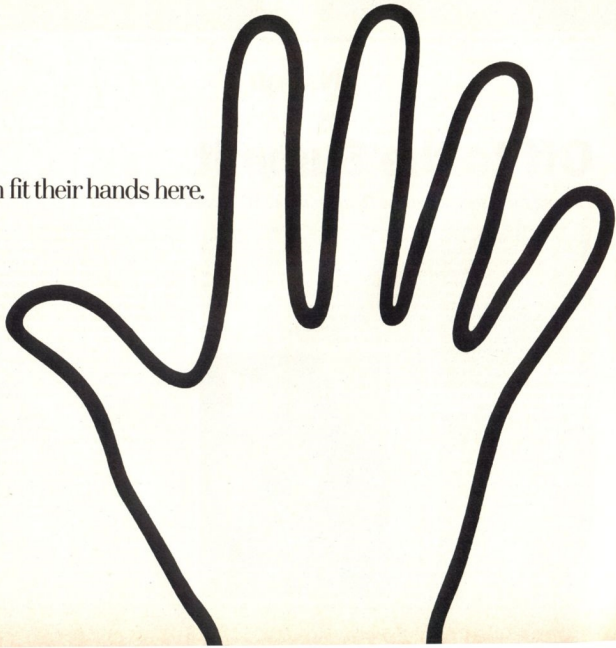
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Arriving at Ireland's Shannon Airport: the challenge was to maintain political harmony in the face of economic disunity

DIRCK HALSTEAD

Nation

TIME/JUNE 11, 1984

Off to the Summit

Hoping for a show of unity, Reagan takes his record on the road

It is the sort of sentimental journey most tourists can only dream of: the successful American's triumphal visit to the land from which obscure forebears set out for the New World generations ago. And so Ronald Reagan's four-day visit to Ireland was carefully planned as a kind of televised wish fulfillment, especially on Sunday in the village of Ballyporeen (pop. 350). There the President was scheduled to pray in the Church of the Assumption of Our Lady, look up in the baptismal book the record of Great-Grandfather Michael's baptism on Sept. 3, 1829, and wander over to the Ronald Reagan Lounge at O'Farrell's Pub for a lunch of ham and cabbage.

But unlike Presidents Kennedy and Nixon when they visited the Old Sod, Reagan had to contend with demonstrators who also had an acute sense of what would play on American TV. On Saturday, shortly before Reagan received an honorary doctor of laws degree at University College of the National University of Ireland, 2,000 faculty, students and other protesters attended a rival "deconferring ceremony" at which Marian Robinson, a visiting American professor who happens to be a cousin of Nancy Reagan's, read a citation denouncing the President's nuclear arms policies; three holders of honorary doctorates returned their degrees in protest. The demonstrators were peaceful, and they aimed their Irish ire at the Administra-

tion's foreign policy rather than at America. When someone set fire to a U.S. flag, other protesters rushed to put out the blaze and apologized to American reporters. "Our affection for America is as deep as ever," explained John Murphy, a former member of the Irish Senate. "But Reagan's nuclear and Central American policy is an unacceptable way of thinking."

The scenes were a kind of visual metaphor for Reagan's foreign policy these

days: placidity and fellowship front and center, tension and turmoil in the background. The trip to Ireland opened a ten-day tour filled with the kind of ceremony—visits to castles, palaces and battlefields—at which the President excels. After a private lunch with Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip on Tuesday at Buckingham Palace, he will officiate in Normandy at observances of the 40th anniversary of D-day, including a wreath-laying ceremony at Omaha Beach. At week's end he will attend the annual economic summit meeting in London of seven of the world's major industrial powers (the U.S., Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Canada and Japan).

Throughout, Reagan will be trying to portray himself as the leader of an alliance that is enjoying a rare period of relative prosperity and solidarity. White House aides are quick to admit that one purpose is to impress the voters at home. Says an adviser: "I would assume that the President would get some sort of a blip on his job rating." But the display is by no means all show: visits by NATO foreign ministers and Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Arens to the U.S. last week produced genuine accommodation between Washington and its major allies. The possibility of some arrangement with an important adversary arose too, as Secretary of State George Shultz took off with no advance fanfare on a journey to Nicaragua,



Secretary of State Shultz after NATO meeting

then proceeded on to Galway to brief the President (see WORLD).

Still, cacophonous notes of political strife and financial anxiety keep rumbling amid the harmony. Repeated attacks on shipping in the Persian Gulf pose a delicate problem of how to protect Western oil supplies without risking U.S. involvement in the Iran-Iraq war. America's relations with the Soviet Union keep hitting new lows. There are indications that the London summit may not be quite the feast of self-congratulation over economic growth that had been expected. France, Germany and Britain, disturbed by tremors in the American banking system, are voicing renewed criticism of U.S. policies toward budget deficits, interest rates and Third World debt.

Reagan's reply to all these concerns was to strike an attitude of poised calm, even when taking firm action. The President last week invoked his emergency powers to sell Saudi Arabia 400 shoulder-fired Stinger antiaircraft missiles and to provide a fourth aerial tanker, a KC-10, that can refuel Saudi fighters in flight. The moves were intended to help the Saudis protect shipping from Iranian air assault in the Persian Gulf. Kuwait promptly made an unofficial request for Stingers; the U.S. suggested it turn to European suppliers.

Reagan made it clear that he does not believe a real emergency exists in the gulf, at least not yet. He used his extraordinary powers principally to avoid the delay that would have ensued if he had asked Congress to approve the Stinger sale to the Saudis. Noting a respite in the attacks on gulf shipping, the President told foreign TV correspondents, "It appears that, rather than getting worse, the situation has quieted somewhat. So maybe it's going to turn out all right." Washington officials emphasize that the U.S. would be extremely reluctant to use its own air and naval power to protect shipping in the gulf unless 1) Arab states offering the use of bases on their territory publicly request

such assistance, and 2) British and French forces cooperate in this defense effort.

In Europe, Reagan will urge his fellow leaders to remind their own citizens that the West is far less dependent now on oil shipments through the Persian Gulf than it was in 1973-74 and 1979, when supplies ran seriously short. His point: the biggest threat to Western economies is not a real shortage of oil but an unjustified surge of panic buying and price boosts.

Reagan took pains to cool his rhetoric toward the U.S.S.R., despite continuing provocation from Moscow. Soviet President Konstantin Chernenko stepped up the war of words with the U.S., telling young Soviet servicemen at a Kremlin ceremony that they had to be prepared to deal with "political forces that are deaf to good will and the arguments of reason." The Kremlin even launched a campaign to discredit the Normandy invasion, outrageously contending that it had been botched, while the war was actually won on the Eastern front. Pravda accused Reagan personally of going to the anniversary ceremonies "to exploit the glory of the dead."

Reagan nonetheless voiced only gentle criticism of the Soviets last week. In a

talk to U.S. Olympic athletes in Colorado, he derided the "political machinations of . . . countries that are less than free," but did not specifically mention the Soviet pullout from the Games. In the major speech of his European tour, which he was to deliver before the Irish parliament in Dublin on Monday, Reagan planned to stress a "two-track" approach to Moscow: military strength combined with willingness to resume negotiations on arms control and other issues whenever the U.S.S.R. is ready for serious discussions.

Foreign ministers of the 16 NATO countries, meeting last week in Washington and at Wye Plantation, an 18th century mansion on Maryland's Eastern Shore, heartily endorsed this approach. Some of the ministers who had recently visited Moscow ventured several explanations for Soviet surliness. They theorized that the U.S.S.R. is on the defensive because of such incidents as the shooting down of the Korean airliner last summer and the failure of the European peace movement to stop the deployment of U.S. missiles in Europe. The ministers speculated that the Kremlin is deliberately fanning anxiety in the hope of causing splits in NATO and that it is trying to influence the U.S. presidential election. There was little indication that the ministers blamed

Kohl and Mitterrand pledging to bring up the issue of Third World debt when the seven meet



NATO Secretary-General Joseph Luns speaking to foreign ministers of the alliance



Israel Defense Minister Moshe Arens



Nation



Irish protesters sound a discordant note, while others give the Reagans a warm welcome
Back home, a blip on the President's job rating was anticipated.

Washington for the icy state of superpower relations.

Indeed, if any nation came under pressure at the NATO meeting, it was The Netherlands. The Dutch government, skittish about public opinion, has waffled on accepting 48 U.S. cruise missiles as part of NATO's five-country deployment. Dutch officials last week sounded out their alliance partners about scaling back the missile quota. The response: sympathy, but no deal. At week's end the Dutch announced a decision that pleased neither the U.S. nor the peace movement: if the Soviets add even a single SS-20 missile to their present arsenal, The Netherlands will accept the full complement of cruises, but in 1986 and 1987, a year and a half behind schedule. The Dutch reserved the right to deploy fewer if there is some sort of superpower arms-control agreement before then, none if the Soviet missile force is reduced. NATO's retiring secretary-general Joseph Luns insisted that the Dutch disagreement would not affect the missile deployments elsewhere.

Moshe Arens had encouraging words for Washington. The Israeli Defense Minister made the expected protest that Stinger missiles supplied to Saudi Arabia might wind up in the hands of anti-Israel terrorists. But he raised the point only during the last two minutes of his 37-minute talk with his American counterpart, Caspar Weinberger. Otherwise, Arens told reporters, "in my judgment [U.S.-Israeli relations] have never been better." Arens may have been laying it on a bit thick to impress voters in both the U.S. and in Israel, which goes to the polls in July. But relations have indeed improved since Arens and Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir replaced the prickly duo of Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon last year.

Reagan and his aides expected only mild criticism of the U.S. at the London summit. None of the heads of government want to embarrass the President in an election year, and anyway there seemed to be little to argue about. The re-

covery that last week pushed the American civilian unemployment rate down to 7.5%, barely above the 7.4% level when Reagan took office, has begun to take hold in the rest of the industrial world, and in most countries it has been accompanied by relatively low inflation. One White House staffer predicted with satisfaction that the summit would be "dull."

That is no longer the way Europeans are talking, however. They have been shocked by recent hikes in American interest rates, which they see as a threat to economic growth in both the U.S. and Europe. They are concerned that the rising rates will make it ever more difficult for Third World countries to repay their gargantuan debt and that their inability to do so will threaten the stability of Western banks that hold the loans. The near collapse a few weeks ago of the Continental Illinois Bank of Chicago, a major international lender, sharpened their fears. A bad omen: Bolivia last week suspended



Finding friends at Shannon Airport

repayment of \$3.4 billion in foreign loans (see **ECONOMY & BUSINESS**).

At a Franco-German meeting in the chateau of Rambouillet outside Paris last week, West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl called the Third World debt "one of the most important [problems] before the London summit" and grumbled about "how deeply we feel the danger of this situation." Seated beside him, French President Francois Mitterrand nodded assent. He assailed "the noxious effects of high interest rates" and pledged, "Germany and France are very decided to appeal to the parties concerned."

Precisely what the Europeans will ask Washington to do is uncertain. U.S. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan is bracing himself and the President to resist a demand that they press U.S. banks to put a "cap" on interest rates, at least on loans to the Third World. Some European financial officials want Washington to urge U.S. banks to face the fact that there are Third World debts that will never be repaid and to set aside larger reserves to cover the losses. The major debtor-nations in Latin America have scheduled a meeting in Buenos Aires after the London summit. They threaten to take drastic action of their own: the joint withholding of interest payments on their loans.

Reagan is not likely to give much ground in London. Speaking with reporters before leaving Washington, he defended his budget policy in a way calculated to deflect criticism at the summit. Said the President: "I will be talking to people who also have deficits at pretty much the same percentage rates of their gross national products as ours." Using an argument that the other heads of government are most unlikely to accept, he insisted that interest rates are "not connected to the deficit [but] are tied to the lack of confidence of so many in the market, as to whether we are determined to hold down inflation." Aides note that high interest rates are not all bad; they indirectly help produce a huge trade deficit that hurts the U.S. but helps other countries because it means they are selling more goods and services to American consumers.

Chances that the London summit will resolve these disputes are slim. The previous economic summits have concentrated on building a spirit of cooperation and have rarely achieved specific agreements on complicated financial matters. Looking back on the eight economic summits he attended as West German Chancellor, Kohl's predecessor, Helmut Schmidt, once reflected that the meetings were valuable not so much for what they accomplished as for what they avoided. He had in mind primarily resistance to curbs on free trade. Still, political harmony and economic discord are not an enduring combination—a point which the London gathering may well impress on the U.S. President.

—By George J. Church.
 Reported by Douglas Brew with the President and Mary Cronin/Galway, with other bureaus

Remembering the Sacrifices of D-Day

For Ronald Reagan and his generation, France was the killing ground, a distant land of ghastly heroics where thousands of American soldiers fell in two World Wars. These military crusades, and the anguish they caused back home, probably form the largest body of folklore in this century. Reagan was molded by that.

He was in first grade in World War I, and the stories of German atrocities not only made their way into his tiny world but left him frightened. "I can remember as a small child having nightmares that they [the Germans] would be marching down the street," he said in a private talk last week as he prepared to leave for Europe. "I had no conception of how they would get there, but [I recall] waking up, thinking, 'Where would I hide if this were true?'"

One day his mother took him down to the station in Galesburg, Ill., to see a trainload of doughboys. "All the windows in the cars were opened, and the soldiers were all waving out," he said. "I remember my mother lifted me up and I had a penny. I handed it to a soldier for good luck. I've often wondered who he was and if he had good luck."

The boys came home, and Reagan recalls hearing them tell of their exploits. Soon it became clear that "the war to end war" had merely set the stage for another. Germany was on the march again. The gigantic effort to stop Hitler reached its full fury on D-day on the beaches of Normandy. Reagan will be there this week to look and listen and try to understand what it must have been like to fight there, what it must have meant to a President to order young men into the jaws of hell.

Forty years ago, Reagan was far from Omaha Beach. "I was at my desk in the 1st Motion Picture Unit of the Army Air Force, Culver City," he recalled. "That post was directly under Air Corps intelligence." Reagan knew the invasion was imminent.

"We did not know the exact moment," he said, "because there was a 36-hour break in the weather on the Channel. And when Eisenhower got word of that, he gambled and said go, because other than that, they didn't know how long they might have to wait."

Like most Americans, Reagan followed the progress of the invasion hour by hour with his heart in his throat. But not until days later, when the raw combat film was brought in to be edited down for the general staff, did Reagan feel the full impact of the event.

"You'd go into the projection room and watch that film that was going to be edited," he said. "The troops were coming off the landing barges and heading for the beach and up the beach. And I would watch as closely as I could, knowing that this was real and they were under fire. It just used to tear you in two because you'd see the individuals that were hit go down."

He had no family members who stormed the beaches. But he had friends there. "A young man from my home

town was a naval officer on a ship that was picking up the wounded from the landing barges that ferried them back to the boats offshore," Reagan recalled. "He was on the bridge, and down below on the deck they were pulling men aboard. And he, through his glasses, was watching a German artillery pillbox up on the bluffs. He could even see the man with the range finder. One shot came over and landed just short of the ship. Then he watched the second shot and it was a little long. He knew the third shot was going to be it. He said he had an irresistible desire to put the glasses down and tell the men down on the deck, 'Never mind.' And while he was watching and feeling that and thinking that, the pillbox disappeared. Our cruisers got a direct hit, and the third shot never came."

Reagan has never been to the Normandy landing sites, but his wife Nancy visited Omaha Beach two years ago and came back to tell him of the melancholy beauty she saw in the mist. "I'm looking forward to it," Reagan said, "although I know I'll probably have trouble getting through it. I found myself getting unable to speak at the ceremony for the Unknown Soldier. You see the veterans today, and I think of our young people. I once said to Bob Hope that he has all that film from all those trips that he made. I said, 'Bob, did you ever think about putting all of that together just so that kids today could see kids then? No one ever thinks their parents were young.'"

Reagan has read a few of the dozens of letters that have been sent to him about the commemoration of D-day. One from a young woman has stuck in his mind. "She told me so eloquently in the letter how [D-day] was the most significant moment in her father's life. From a child up she remembered the stories that he would tell, including his own feel-

ings about that day. He died a few years ago. She and her family just feel that they must go there now and see that place that meant so much to him." All of America seems to share some of that compulsion now.

Reagan views the Normandy assault as a battle that had to be fought. But he knows too how hard giving the command to unleash such destructive might had to be. "This must be the most heartbreaking thing that anyone could ever have to do," the President said. He looks forward to matching his mental pictures of the battle sites with the real thing. "There are so many great and heroic stories [about the beaches]," Reagan said. "Omaha Beach, of course, is the one that seems to linger most in everybody's mind. But then there are other spots, the one where the Rangers climbed those sheer bluffs under fire [Pointe-du-Hoc]."

The D-day tribute will be led by men now grown old, but in a very special way the ceremony will honor American youth. "I'll always remember what George Marshall said," Reagan related as he ended his D-day reminiscence. "Someone asked Marshall if we had any secret weapon. And he said, 'Yes, the best damned kids in the world.'"



"I would watch as closely as I could, knowing that this was real and they were under fire. It just used to tear you in two because you'd see the individuals that were hit go down."

Last Call, and Out Reeling

Mondale, Hart and Jackson stagger through the final round



In the Olympics, marathon runners end the 26.2-mile race with a dramatic finishing kick into a roaring stadium. But the interminable race for the Democratic nomination wound down last week like a 1920s dance marathon. Dazed by months of gladhanding and posturing, the candidates stumbled around in circles. Only the prize sustained them: 486 delegates up for grabs on Super Tuesday III, the last leg on the long trail to the Democratic nomination.

For Walter Mondale, who has flown more miles, spoken more words and slept in more motel beds than any other presi-

While Mondale tortured himself on the road, his computer-guided organization did its own vital work back in Washington: wooing the roughly 400 uncommitted delegates who could hold the balance at the convention. A team of 14 workers each week sends out 2,000 letters to delegates and makes 1,000 phone calls, rounding up new pledges and fencing in old ones. As Mondale waded about soggy New Jersey, his campaign won the backing of two Governors (Mark White of Texas and William Sheffield of Alaska), nine uncommitted delegates in Mississippi and six in Hawaii. Mondale's aides predict he will have 1,750 of the 1,967 delegates needed to nominate before the voters go to the polls on Tuesday.

Hart insists that the Democratic Convention will not pick Mondale if he loses every primary this week, no matter what the delegate total. But Hart seems bent on self-destruction himself. In a classic campaign boner, he exposed his sarcastic side at a fund raiser in Los Angeles. The "bad news," he told a well-heeled audience standing on the lawn of a Bel Air mansion, is that he has to campaign apart from his wife Lee. "The good news for her is that she campaigns in California while I campaign in New Jersey." When Mrs. Hart interjected, "I got to hold a koala bear," Hart sniggered, "I won't tell you what I got to hold: samples from a toxic-waste dump." Voters in California chuckled; many in New Jersey smoldered. The blunder undercut Hart's best pitch: that New Jersey epitomizes the future he envisions, a state successfully making the transition from moribund heavy industry to high-tech growth.

Hart's last gasp may be to join forces with Jesse Jackson against Mondale. In several states, Hart and Jackson operatives are cooperating to elect more delegates and gain seats on the credentials and rules committees at the convention, where they can press charges that Mondale manipulated or evaded party rules to garner more than his fair share of delegates.

A concerted Hart-Jackson "Stop Mondale" movement appears unlikely, however. Hart is scrambling to assure Jewish voters that he would not pick Jackson as a Vice President unless Jackson abandoned his pro-Arab tilt. Jackson, for his part, has been blasting Hart and Mondale equally for supporting the "supply-side economics" and "gunboat diplomacy" of President Reagan. He was swinging wildly and becoming increasingly moody and erratic as he tried to transform his flailing political crusade into a one-man peace movement. He has fired off a telegram to Syrian President Hafez Assad demanding the release of

two Israeli diplomats, and proclaimed that he would venture to Nicaragua, Cuba and Africa. In a most unseemly move last week, he traveled to Mexico to attack U.S. "arrogance" toward Central America.

Politicians have often sought votes with good-will trips to such places as Ireland, Italy and Israel, and they rarely hesitate to meddle in foreign affairs for political purposes. (A fortnight ago, for example, Senator Edward Kennedy used his own political funds to bring a Miskito Indian mother from Nicaragua to Washington to testify about the death of her child at the hands of the CIA-backed *contra* rebels.) But it is unusual and inappropriate for political candidates to malign the U.S. on foreign soil. Either of Jackson's opponents would likely have been pilloried for such an act.

Jackson insisted that he was traveling to Mexico as a "private citizen," a claim made less credible by the presence of five campaign aides and six California sup-



Raincoat: Mondale at the wet Jersey shore



Lab coat: Hart at a biotechnology firm

dential candidate in history, the final week on the stump produced no last hurrahs. The nadir was Memorial Day, normally a flesh-pressing bonanza for a politician. For Mondale, it began in Fort Lee, N.J., with catcalls from the disciples of Lyndon LaRouche Jr., a demagogic conspiracy theorist who is running for President, and went downhill from there. On the Jersey shore, where a sunny holiday attracts upwards of 3 million bathers, Mondale found instead about a hundred hardy souls huddled against a driving rainstorm. The day ended at a hotel in Cherry Hill, where a waitress mistook Mondale for Gary Hart.

In a final burst of masochism this week, Mondale planned a "fly around" finale: a red-eye commercial flight from Los Angeles to Newark (E.T.A. 3:30 a.m.), a frantic last flurry of speechifying in New Jersey (107 delegates), followed by a flight back across the country to California (306 delegates)—via campaign stops in West Virginia (35 delegates) and New Mexico (23)—all in less than 24 hours.

porters on board his chartered plane. When questioned about how he financed his trip, he refused to give a clear answer. Instead, he grew increasingly snappish with the press, joking that if he walked on water the headlines the next day would read JACKSON CAN'T SWIM.

With the primary season sputtering to a close, the looming question is whether the party can unify behind a nominee. As a first tentative step (and as a way to retire his \$160,000 campaign debt), George McGovern last week tried to bring all three candidates together at a glittery Los Angeles fund raiser. Jackson, resentful that McGovern had endorsed a Mondale-Hart ticket, backed out. Somewhat wistfully, McGovern implored Hart and Mondale, "Go as gently as you can on each other." That brought grim smiles from the two adversaries, who were standing awkwardly ten feet apart. But no handshake. —By Evan Thomas. Reported by Sam Allis with Mondale and Jack E. White with Jackson

Newport's Newest



Photo: © 1973 Newport Co.

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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"Check Distance"

"Load film"



"Too dark use flash"

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It took the Mind of Minolta to create the voice.

The amazing Minolta Talker. It's the world's first 35mm camera that's so incredibly automated it talks to you.

If it's empty, it says, "Load film." If the light's too dim, it says, "Too dark, use flash." And if you're out of flash range, it says, "Check distance."

More than talk

Yet the Minolta Talker is much more than mere talk.

It's foolproof film loading. The film is automatically attached to the take-up spool while you watch. You'll be sure it's loaded properly before closing the back.

It's automatic film advance. It advances automatically to the first

frame and then, after each shot, to the next frame.

It's automatic rewinding. When you finish the roll, it automatically rewinds.

Infrared Auto Focus System

Minolta's 8-zone Auto Focus system emits an infrared beam to give you precise automatic focusing from 33 inches to infinity. And its program system makes accurate exposures automatically.

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The built-in flash is always there when the Talker says you need it. Exclusive energy-saving design lets you shoot up to eight rolls with flash on a single set of AA batteries. (Up to 70 rolls without flash!)



Talk to one

The Talker accepts the new high-speed 1000 films for sharper outdoor action shots and more indoor shots without flash.

The only mistake you can make is leaving it home.

Talk to one at your Minolta dealer.

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"You might say I'm bubbling over with success. That's me in the middle there, soaking up the benefits of First Place in our company's Maui Marathon sales contest. Until now, the idea of my winning anything around here would have brought a nice round of chuckles. And then I hit upon a brilliant personal selling strategy. It's called hard work.

"Not to hog all the glory. At least some of the credit must go to the Code-A-Phone® 2530. Bless its little electronic heart. My faithful answering machine delivered some absolutely crucial messages by remote control, when I was too busy setting the world on fire to even go home. I didn't even have to wait through my own announcement. The 2530 lets you go directly to your messages.

"And talk about cooperative. I can make it fast forward, rewind, even change my announcement—all by remote control—just by pushing buttons on a Touch Tone® telephone. There's no clunky beeper to haul around.

"But not everything is so simple. I now have a lot of far-reaching decisions to make. Like which motel in Maui? Or, what kind of limo to rent?

"Prosperity does make life more complicated. But somehow I'm sure I'll adjust."



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AND TO HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES (1921-1936)

State's Right

Hawaii's land reform is upheld

The ruling sounded more fitting for El Salvador than the U.S. Indeed, last week's Supreme Court decision upholding Hawaii's right to break up large privately held estates and redistribute ownership to the tenants seemed downright radical. But the unanimous 8-0 ruling* was made for the most conservative of reasons. Said Hawaii's deputy attorney general Michael Lilly: "It's a classic states' rights case."

The decision grew out of a suit challenging the constitutionality of the Land Reform Act passed by Hawaii's legislature in 1967. This law was designed to put an end to the remnants of Hawaii's feudal tenure system, a holdover from the islands' settlement by Polynesian immigrants who allowed only high chiefs to own land. The challenge was brought by trustees of the Bishop estate, Hawaii's largest private landowner (340,000 acres). The estate is the legacy of Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop, a member of one of Hawaii's royal families, who died in 1884.

The Bishop estate and about 70 other large landholders own 47% of Hawaii's 4 million acres; the local and Federal governments hold 42%. Less than 11% is held by small property owners. The state argued that this concentration of land in a few hands has sharply inflated housing costs for Hawaii's homeowners. Says Congressman Cecil Hefel, a Honolulu Democrat: "The ruling protects a lot of people who otherwise would have been unable to maintain their homes."

In upholding the land-reform law, the court cited the Fifth Amendment, which allows the Government to acquire property for "public use" after paying "just compensation." Typically, this right of eminent domain is invoked to permit the purchase of land for roads and public projects. The court affirmed that a state could exercise this right for other purposes, such as land reform, as determined by its legislature. "The people of Hawaii have attempted, much as the settlers of the original 13 colonies did, to reduce the perceived social and economic evils of a land oligopoly traceable to their monarchs," wrote Justice Sandra Day O'Connor.

Unless Hawaii's state supreme court invalidates the program, the lines on the volcanic islands will soon be redrawn. Prospective buyers and sellers must now go to court to haggle over prices on about 5,700 lots in 39 tracts of land, most of them owned by the Bishop estate. Myron Thompson, a trustee of the Bishop estate, calls the process perhaps "the greatest rip-off of this nation in the 20th century." But Mike Morita, who owns a home near Honolulu but not the land beneath it, is predictably pleased. Said he: "I have three kids, and I'd like to turn property over to them."

*Justice Thurgood Marshall, who is married to a Hawaiian, exempted himself from the case.



High-tech appeals and talk of "new ideas"



Reagan's warm glimpses of a happier America

Hard Sell, Soft Sell

New political ads cast aspersions and spells

CAMPAIGN



Walter Mondale wanted to look tough. Gary Hart sought to suggest the ferment of new ideas. Ronald Reagan came along, in a soft-spoken way, because he had money to burn. Even House Republicans entered the act to protest the partisanship of House Speaker Tip O'Neill. As the primary campaign reached its final week and seemingly every conceivable thought had been uttered, politicians aplenty inundated the air waves with new, improved and, in some cases, conspicuously nasty commercials.

Mondale harshened his stock "red phone" spot to attack Hart by name as unfit: as the camera focuses on a purported hot line, an announcer declaims that Mondale would be steady in a crisis but that Hart is "unsure, unsteady, untested," and does not "know what he is doing." Another ad extolling Mondale's leadership calls Hart "dangerous" for opposing immediate shutdowns of two nuclear power plants. Hart, although much more restrained, countered with an implication that Mondale is part of a discredited past; nearly all his spots close with the suggestive tag line, "We can't afford to go back." One Hart ad suggests that Mondale's attacks are hypocritical by quoting lavish praise that the former Vice President bestowed in 1979 to aid Hart's Senate reelection campaign.

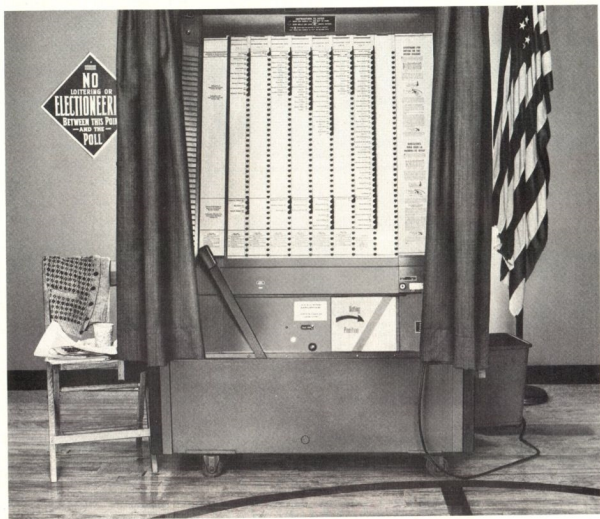
Mondale, following the conventional wisdom that a front runner should be aloof, barely appears and never speaks in his low-tech ads, which consist mostly of text and testimonials. Hart, by contrast, is on camera in all his commercials. Both candidates have separate series for each coast: Mondale ads condemning Hart for opposing federal handgun legislation have aired in New Jersey, which has tough state controls, but not in California. Hart's New Jersey commercials show him talking about economic redevelopment on a blacktop swath of the Meadowlands sports complex, which was built on a reclaimed swamp. His California ads are moody and emotive: Kennedyesque, he walks along a beach, skipping rocks into the ocean; on

the sound track the thumping of a heart—a wordplay on his name—leads into his anthem that "new vision, new ideas, are the heartbeat of this country's future."

The querulous tone of this political year is also reflected in ads prepared by the National Republican Congressional Committee, in which portraits of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson appear to weep over the purportedly high-handed tactics of the Democratic majority. The commercials, aired in Washington and on the Cable News Network, accuse the Democrats of "bottling up" a Senate-passed crime-control bill and "falsifying congressional records." (A House Democratic staffer resigned last year after he admitted altering the remarks of G.O.P. members in hearing transcripts.) The Democrats had drawn first blood last month, when O'Neill ordered House cameras to pan the empty chamber during Republicans' possession speeches, which were staged primarily for media pickup. In retaliation, G.O.P. members assembled video clips of O'Neill's fast gaveling on the podium, but decided that using them in ads would violate the House rule against employing shots of the chamber for partisan purposes.

In counterpoint to all this belligerence, Reagan is spending some of the \$14 million he still has available for the primary season on ads that feature motherhood and the flag (no mention yet of apple pie). The spots are calculatedly vague—and enormously effective. Their sentimental and consumerist appeal might be used to sell soft drinks or hamburgers. A boy carries a fishbowl into his family's new house. A white-haired matron embraces a bride. The camera circles farmsteads and skyscrapers, even the Statue of Liberty under renovation, as a symbol of new jobs. The voice-over intones, "Isn't it interesting that no one anywhere is saying the job of President is too big for one person." While the Democrats are mired in the mudfest of spring, Reagan is staking his symbolic claim to the high ground in November with a yes-we-are-better-off answer to the question he used so effectively four years ago.

—By William A. Henry III



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Nation



Veterans saluting the cortege



The honor guard lifts the flag from the casket during the interment ceremony

War and Remembrance

A bit of the bitterness is buried along with an Unknown Soldier

The ceremonies were done with crisp military punctilio—which was not the way that Viet Nam went at all. The men in the honor guard wore dress uniforms and skinhead haircuts and composed their young faces into masks of abstracted obedience. Like robots suffering an obscure sorrow, they carried the casket of the new Unknown Soldier, the one from Viet Nam. They laid him to rest last week at Arlington National Cemetery beside those from the two World Wars and Korea.

Viet Nam was a different kind of war for the U.S. It was a shattering time, a bomb that originated a world away and went off in the middle of the American mind. Even at this remove, the war is still intensely felt, but now in a more reflective, inward way. The Viet Nam Veterans Memorial, dedicated in 1982, is as popular as the Lincoln Memorial and the National Air and Space Museum. The entombment of the Unknown Soldier was another symbol of the nation's respect for the uniquely complex ordeal of the Viet Nam veteran. In a quiet, moving speech at Arlington, President Reagan concluded, "Let us, if we must, debate the lessons learned at some other time; today we simply say with pride: Thank you, dear son, and may God cradle you in his loving arms."

It was a tear-stained and cathartic day. Weeping, veterans saluted the anonymous

bones in the casket, and the pain of memory was visible in their eyes. The prevailing note was one of acceptance and reconciliation, as if in burying the Unknown Soldier, the nation were also interring another measure of its residual bitterness. But the spirit of the late '60s did make a fitting appearance. For a little while, one saw again the era's genius for street theater, for impromptu enactments of political and moral emotion.

A group of Viet Nam veterans, many of them dressed in camouflage fatigues, formed up outside the Capitol, where the Unknown Soldier had lain in state for three days. The vets tried to join the line of march—some military bands and representatives of the services and veterans groups—that was to escort the caisson to Arlington. The police intervened. Once

again, as in the war, there was a gap between official policy and the will of the grunts. Once again, some Viet Nam veterans were being denied the soldier's crucial ceremony of return from war: the parade, the public ritual of a welcome home.

The organizers agreed that the veterans could bring up the rear of the procession. "I don't mind," said one. "That's what we've always done." They formed a line of march and stepped out with an unexpected precision and esprit. A tall veteran played *Amazing Grace* on the bagpipes. As they marched along, other veterans left the sidewalks and joined them. Eventually, there were about 300, most of them members of the Vietnam Veterans of America. They were dressed in something like the raggedy irregular's garb they had worn in the field, festooned with badges and other ornaments, some wearing beards and mustaches. It was an affecting spectacle, but it irritated some other Viet Nam veterans who watched from the sidelines. For them, the ragtag brigade unfairly reinforced the image of losers or outcasts or victims.

Watching the procession, one saw, poignantly, the passage of time. The young men in the honor guard carrying the casket were as bright as dimes: battle age. They were in knee pants during the *7et* offensive. The vets in the march showed their age, some losing hair, getting paunchy, thickening with the years. As they marched, the crowds lining the route broke into applause, a sweet and deeply felt spontaneous patterning that was a sort of communal embrace. Welcome home.

—By Lance Morrow



Three who fought honor a nameless fourth who is all of them
After the uniquely complex ordeal, *Amazing Grace*.

"India-no-place" No More

The subject of a joke gains major league attention

Hardly anybody writes odes to Indianapolis. No Sandburg or Gershwin has ever praised the Midwestern city's hard American beauty. No bustling metropolis, that town; no seething cauldron of culture. Instead, folks mockingly called it "India-no-place." For almost a century, it was a city lacking a distinct identity. Sure, it was the state capital and could boast about being "the crossroads of America," what with U.S. Highways 31, 36, 40, 52 and 136 and Interstate Highways 65, 69, 70 and 74 all converging there. And since 1911, the city has hosted the Indy 500, that annual race-car extravaganza, which drew special attention last week when Rick Mears thrilled 400,000 spectators by winning at a record average speed of 162.6 miles per hour. Alas, for many not enamored of highways and racing, the town remained India-no-place.

Over the past decade, however, America's 13th largest city (pop. 708,000) has been laboring to dispel its old image and prevent the depressingly familiar slide into urban decay. New businesses have moved in, aided by tax breaks and lured by the city's location near the center of the nation. A once dreary downtown area has become slick and modern. Gleaming office towers, as well as a sports arena and an expanded convention center, decorate the skyline. A street paved with red bricks winds around venerable Monument Circle, lending new stateliness to the Soldiers and Sailors Monument with its slender 284-ft. limestone shaft. Indianapolis is feeling major league, and its residents have ample reason for civic pride. "The excitement here reminds me of Atlanta in the early '70s," says Charles Blair, 36, a senior program officer for the Lilly Endowment, which gives about \$20 million annually for city improvement. Says he: "Things are happening quickly, and this is the place to be. People smell the money."

Perhaps the best thing to happen to Indianapolis recently was the defection of professional football's Baltimore Colts last March. Under cover of night, Colts Owner Robert Irsay had his team's equipment piled into a convoy of moving vans (Mayflower movers of Indianapolis) for shipment to the Midwest. Baltimore has filed motions in federal court to block the sale of tickets to Indianapolis Colts games, but this has hardly curtailed the excitement of the Hoosiers over their new National Football League team. Irsay has been hailed as a hero; WELCOME COLTS signs are all over town; I LOVE THE COLTS



Mayor Hudnut helping the Colts move in

T shirts are worn proudly by the citizenry.

The team has a 20-year lease agreement to play in the newly built, seven-acre, 61,000-seat stadium known as Hoosier Dome. The \$78 million complex is in the heart of downtown Indianapolis, its white-fabric, air-supported, 257-ton roof puffed up like a huge blanket. The stadium, built with a combination of public and private funds, including multimillion-dollar endowments from foundations and a 1% tax on food and beverages, is a major reason why the Colts have come to Indianapolis, and a tribute to the foresight and business acumen of the people running the city.

The boom had its origins in a state law that placed Indianapolis and most of sur-

rounding Marion County under a unified government in January 1970. This quadrupled the city's land area to 379 sq. mi. and boosted the tax base from fewer than half a million to three-quarters of a million residents. Most significantly, the law encouraged more direct cooperation between the government and the private sector.

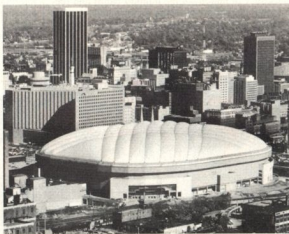
This partnership has pumped an abundance of money and ideas into Indianapolis and has resulted in more than 20 major downtown renewal and construction projects for housing, office, convention and cultural space. Since 1974, nearly \$800 million has been spent on such impressive projects as the one at Merchants Plaza, a downtown complex of two office towers and a Hyatt hotel with an elaborate atrium. The city seeded the development by issuing \$4 million in bonds, purchasing a four-acre plot, then leasing the land to a group of local bankers and businessmen.

The largest project in the city is just getting under way: White River State Park, a 250-acre, \$200 million park just west of downtown. It will feature the Indianapolis Zoo, a performing arts center, botanical gardens, restaurants and a 1,000-ft., \$15 million tower reminiscent of Italy's Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Indianapolis now boasts a ballet company as well as a fast-improving symphony orchestra, a repertory theater and the world's largest children's museum. Unlike other expanding cities, Indianapolis still remains affordable and offers some of the lowest housing costs in the country: the average price of a single-family home sold in the first quarter of this year was \$50,600. Homes are thus within reach of low- and middle-income families. The city is also considered a promising spot for minorities because of opportunities in new growth projects and business ventures. Despite all the hoopla, however, the fruits of economic growth have not reached many in the city. The metropolitan area's unemployment rate in February was 8.9%, down from January's 9.5% but still high for a town bur-

ing with prosperity. The area's manufacturing industries, particularly the transportation-equipment industry, which accounts for nearly 20% of the jobs, have been slow to make a comeback from the 1982 recession. Mayor William H. Hudnut III, now in his third term, is hopeful that the planned construction of several new hotels and the arrival of the Colts will stimulate more jobs in the city.

India-no-place, then, might just be a symbol of the past. Bob Farley, 69, owner of a local taxi company, had considered leaving Indianapolis. He has changed his mind. "This town is on the move," he says. "It's booming, and I ain't goin' nowhere; I'm gonna stay here and boom with it." —By Jacob V. Lamar Jr. Reported by Don Wimbush/Indianapolis



The spanking new Hoosier Dome decorates downtown Indianapolis

"This is the place to be. People smell the money."

Today's Chevrolet

Ignite the fire.



Camaro Sport Coupe.

A car so hot, it may change your life. Highly styled. Heavenly body. Hot hatchback. State of the art. One look at Camaro starts hearts beating faster.

With all it has going for it, the hot-selling Camaro is surprisingly affordable. Only **\$7985*** for the base model, plus an additional \$53 for the dual Sport mirrors pictured below.

Turn on the sizzle. Opt for a stereo sound system that's nothing short of spectacular. Sporty 5-speed manual shifting. Dazzling Rally steel wheels. Chic, cloth-covered bucket seating.


Turn the key. Ignite the fire. Bringing you the cars and trucks you want and need—that's what Taking Charge is all about.

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price including dealer prep. Destination charges, taxes, license and optional equipment additional.

Let's get it together... buckle up.



CHEVROLET


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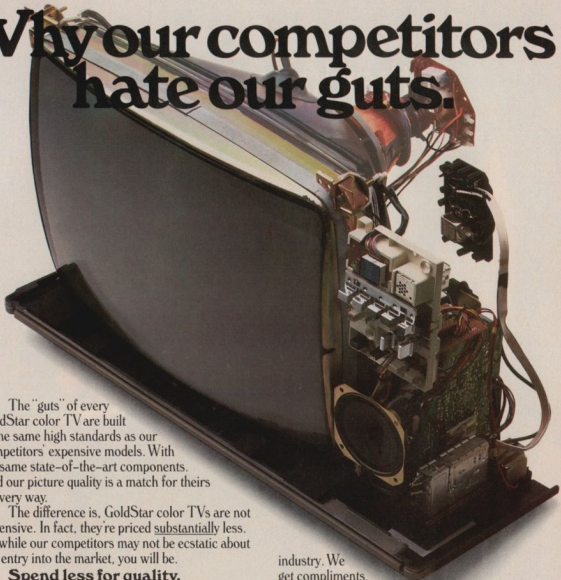


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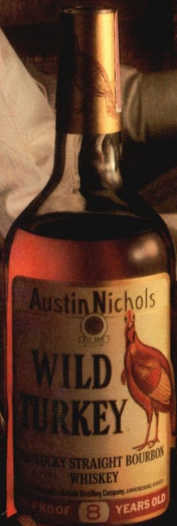
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American Notes

THE ADMINISTRATION

While Wick's Away



Wary Traveler

No doubt Charles Z. Wick has some enemies. But is anyone really interested in harming the director of the U.S. Information Agency? He seems to think so. In 1981 he became a special deputy U.S. marshal, which allowed him to pack a pistol. He spent \$32,000 in USIA money on security devices for his house; he later reimbursed the agency. Last week his preoccupation with safety surfaced again. Before he left for Japan, the State Department asked the American embassy in Tokyo for a bulletproof limousine, a police escort and transportation for four armed bodyguards. Ambassador Mike Mansfield was unaccommodating. The bodyguards would have to find public transportation; the embassy had no armored limo; Japanese police would not provide extra security. Concluded Mansfield's cable: "There is no known threat to Mr. Wick in Japan."

Wick has a knack for embarrassing public intelligentsia. Recently he got into trouble for overseeing a USIA "blacklist" that banned dozens of Americans from the agency's overseas lecture circuit. An aide who lied about the existence of the blacklist, Leslie Lenkowsky, has been forced by Congress to leave the agency at the end of next week. Wick, however, is not contrite: while the boss is traveling in the Far East, Lenkowsky will act as USIA director.

THE RACES

Etched in Stone

Macon, smack in the middle of Georgia, has long been a railroad city. The old train depot downtown, finished just in time for the farewells and homecomings of World War I doughboys, is defunct but still grand. The Georgia Power Co. plans to spend \$3 million making its interior a trendy warren of shops and offices. The neoclassical facade is to remain unchanged—almost. Georgia Power wants to

cover up the anachronistic inscription—COLORED WAITING ROOM—engraved over one entranceway. Says a company spokesman: "We don't want to offend any of our black customers."

Some of Macon's blacks, however, want to preserve the sign as a reminder of their past struggle. "It's not offensive," says State Representative Billy Randall, who was obliged to use the Jim Crow waiting room as recently as 1962. "It's a part of history." Adds the Rev. Henry Ficklin, a black city councilman: "I think it would be a greater slap in the face to think that blacks were so ignorant they couldn't accept history."



Sign of the old times

CORRUPTION

A Club for Bribery

Roommates band together to share the high cost of housing. Neighboring farmers split the purchase price of expensive field machinery. And in Chicago, federal prosecutors claimed last week, at least five lawyers took the cooperative-payment approach to handle a local judge's monthly bribe. The lawyers who came up with the \$2,000-a-month retainer between 1981 and 1983, said U.S. Attorney Dan Webb, were members of a "bribery

club." In return for the alleged payoffs, the judge made them court-appointed counsel for unrepresented defendants, often drunken drivers—and then granted acquittals.

Implicated in the scheme was Richard LeFevour, presiding judge of the First Municipal District. His name and those of the lawyers surfaced last week in the bribery trial of Cook County Circuit Judge John Murphy, 68, one of 18 Chicagoans indicted so far as a result of Operation Greylord, a three-year undercover FBI investigation. LeFevour, who has not been indicted, called the allegations "a pack of lies."

CHILD ABUSE

The Rod of Correction

Some had to march out to work in the fields every day, they say, lashed together. Recalcitrants were beaten with a 3-ft. length of plastic pipe called "the rod of correction." Serious infractions were to be punished by days in a new jail cell. It was tiny, only 24 sq. ft., but then so were its prospective inmates, boys from five to 17. The compound in Walterboro, S.C., is not a prison but a Dickensian boarding school called the New Bethany Baptist Church Home for Boys. Police raided the place last week. Said Prosecutor Randolph Murdaugh: "I've never seen kids beaten as badly as they were beaten by those allegedly Christian people." School Superintendent Olin King and two employees were charged with child neglect and, for keeping a boy in the cell, kidnapping.

King and his associates, out on bail, are angry. Said School Lawyer Oren Briggs, oblivious to the irony: "I wouldn't treat a dog like they've treated us." Why were children beaten? King, a Fundamentalist, referred to *Proverbs 22: 15*: "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." He decided on his own that plastic pipe was what the Scripture intended. Michael, 11, did not see it that way. "They didn't have the true word of God there," he said. "It was all fake."

LAW ENFORCEMENT

An Unlikely Postscript

Late one night in 1978, a few minutes after two Massachusetts policemen stopped and then waved on a drunken driver, he smashed into a car, killing 20-month-old Misty Jane Irwin and her young father; the drunk died too. Civil justice in the case was meted out last year, when a jury ordered the town of Ware (pop. 8,953) to pay Widow Debbie Irwin, now 25, \$873,697 for the negligence of its policemen.

Irwin, now an official of the central Massachusetts chapter of Mothers Against Drunk Drivers, was back in court last week for the first time since the judgment, in sad and unlikely circumstances. Ware police say that she was driving erratically. When they pulled her over outside the Cue and Cushion—the last bar her family's killer patronized—she refused to take a Breathalyzer test. Says Officer Richard Primavera: "She swayed, she stumbled, her speech was slurred, and there was an odor of alcohol."

Irwin says she was sober. According to her lawyer, Alan Goodman, she declined the test for fear the police would falsify the results: many Ware residents resent Irwin's financial windfall at the taxpayer's expense. The arrest, he suggests, "appears to be more than coincidental." But Police Chief Stanley Mettig is unbudging. Declares he: "The bottom line is she was caught red-handed."



Irwin outside court

World

CENTRAL AMERICA

Starting a New Chapter

A festive inaugural, an assassination attempt and a surprise visit

Today seemed more like a fiesta than a state occasion, a jubilant celebration with blue skies and sunny faces. As platoons of schoolchildren paraded through the streets waving tiny blue-and-white Salvadoran flags, vendors sliced tangy strips of green papaya for hungry onlookers. The sizzle of hot dogs on the grill mixed with the blare of Chuck Mangione jazz over the loudspeakers. When each of the 45 foreign delegations was introduced, the velodrome in downtown San Salvador reverberated with the applause of 6,000 spectators. U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz, his placid expression breaking into a grin, received the second longest ovation. But the loudest and wildest cheers went to the onetime civil engineer whose appearance on the stage elicited thunders of "Duar!e! Duar!e! Duar!e!" After taking the oath of office from Julia Castillo Rodas, head of the Legislative Assembly, he waved his arms above his head, then kissed his country's flag. Declared the new President: "Today brings light into the long night of horror that El Salvador has been living through."

For José Napoleón Duarte, it was a moment to savor. Robbed of what looked like certain victory in 1972, then beaten by Salvadoran soldiers and exiled to Venezuela for seven years, Duarte realized a long-cherished dream when he was sworn in as his country's first freely elected President in half a century. For El Salvador, the day proffered the sweet promise that after nearly five years of civil war and a dozen years of political turbulence, the country might begin to heal. For the Reagan Administration, the inauguration symbolized its most successful accomplishment in the region, what Washington saw as a showpiece of evolving democracy. "El Salvador is a dramatic example of civilized political change," said an admiring José Figueres Ferrer, 77, a former President of Costa Rica.

Immediately after the ceremony, Shultz flew off to a surprising destination: Nicaragua, whose Sandinista government Ronald Reagan has consistently assailed as a "reign of terror" dedicated to exporting Communist revolution to the region. For 2½ hours the Secretary of State conferred with Junta Coordinator Daniel Ortega Saavedra at Managua's airport. After

the obligatory photos, Ortega swung his chair around so as to face Shultz. Though aides were present, Shultz and Ortega did almost all the talking.

The Secretary of State reiterated the longstanding U.S. conditions for better relations. The Sandinistas, Shultz said, must stop supporting the rebels in El Salvador, send an estimated 10,000 Cuban and Soviet advisers home, cut back their oversized military arsenal, and restore the civil rights that were suspended when the government proclaimed a "state of emergency" in March 1982. In response, Ortega

drid during his visit to Washington last month. De la Madrid bluntly told Reagan that the time was ripe for fresh feelers. Though a top State Department official has met quietly with the Sandinistas five times over the past year, the last session, in March in Managua, turned into an anti-U.S. diatribe. Impressed by the Mexican President's plea, Reagan told Shultz to try for a meeting. The Nicaraguans readily agreed, though an argument over where to meet (Shultz, due to join Reagan in Europe, insisted on Managua's airport, while the Sandinistas held out for the city itself) made the venture uncertain right to the end.

Two days earlier, an assassination attempt had rocked one of the less successful pillars of U.S. policy in Central America. Edén Pastora Gómez, the redoubtable leader of one flank of the CIA-sponsored *contras*, had invited about 15 reporters to his headquarters inside Nicaragua. The group was driven from San José, the Costa Rican capital, to the San Juan River, which serves as the border between the two countries. There the reporters climbed into two long dugouts with outboard motors and chugged up the river for two hours, until they reached a two-story wooden building. Ushered to the second floor of Pastora's headquarters,



Passing the torch: Magaña, Castillo and new President Duarte

"Today brings light into the long night of horror."

stressed his primary complaint: the Administration's continued backing of the *contra* guerrillas, who are fighting to topple the Sandinistas.

The get-together produced no dramatic results, though both sides agreed to keep speaking. "These talks possibly alleviated U.S.-Nicaraguan distrust," said Shultz. "But trust is something you build up over time." The Secretary of State also insisted that his trip was not an independent negotiating bid, but an expression of support for the Contadora group (Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia and Panama), which has been trying to reach a diplomatic solution to the region's conflicts. The Shultz trip not only undercut critics who complain of Reagan's militaristic approach to the area's problems, but was a welcome change of tactics. For the first time, the Administration opened a formal channel for talking with the Sandinistas instead of shunning them.

The impetus for the Shultz trip came from Mexican President Miguel de la Ma-

the journalists found the guerrilla commander at a narrow table. After some cheerful banter, the questioning began. Suddenly, in the middle of a response, a bomb exploded in a white-hot flash. "It was a human whirlwind," said José Antonio Venegas, a photographer for *La Nación*, a Costa Rican newspaper. "Blood splashed against the walls, people flew through the windows. Someone screamed, 'Save me, help me, don't leave me here!' All I knew was that hell was there on the edge of the San Juan River."

Seven people were killed, including Linda Frazier, 38, an American journalist who worked for an English-language newspaper in San José. Among the 28 injured was Pastora, who suffered first- and second-degree burns on his face and shrapnel wounds in his legs. Seriously hurt was Susan Morgan, a *Newsweek* stringer whose legs and arms were fractured. Some could crawl out of the building, but others lay moaning in the wreckage for nearly an hour before being pulled

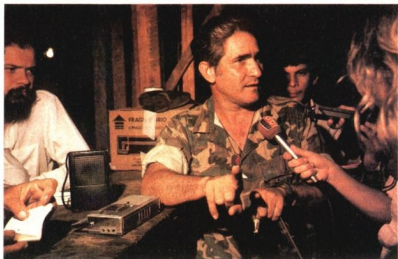
out. Two hours passed before a doctor and two nurses arrived.

Helicoptered to San José, the guerrilla leader was taken to the city's most exclusive hospital. His men immediately turned Pastora's floor of the Clínica Bíblica into a fortress, sealing off elevators and stationing heavily armed guards in the stairwells. Costa Rican authorities, anxious about their country's neutral status, placed Pastora in government custody; on Friday he was flown on a stretcher to Venezuela.

As Pastora's men sifted through the wreckage looking for clues, the guessing game about who was responsible began. "It could have been the extreme right or the extreme left," said Adolfo ("Popo") Chamorro, spokesman for the Revolutionary Democratic Alliance (ARDE), the *contra* group that Pastora commands. Especially curious is the timing of the explosion. Since last year, the CIA has been pressuring ARDE and its 4,000 guerrillas to join forces with the Nicaraguan Democratic Front (F.D.N.), the 8,000-strong *contra* group based in Honduras. ARDE's political leaders, notably Alfonso Robelo Callejas, favored the alliance, but Pastora adamantly rejected it unless the F.D.N. got rid of several commanders who were members of Nicaragua's hated National Guard under former Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle. Early last month, the CIA threatened to cut ARDE's funds if it did not team up with the F.D.N. by May 31. On Tuesday, May 29, Robelo and the other ARDE leaders decided to strike such an alliance with or without Pastora, even though he controls most of ARDE's guerrillas. Pastora responded by calling the fateful press conference to announce his defection from ARDE. "If Robelo wants to join the F.D.N., that's his decision," the rebel chieftain explained. "But I'm not going to do it." His next words were lost in the deadly roar of the explosion.

Costa Rican President Luis Alberto Monge implied that the Sandinistas might be responsible for the bombing, but ARDE leaders insisted that the camp area was clear of Nicaraguan soldiers. More logical culprits include ARDE members with access to the base, some of whom may have been angry enough with Pastora's decision to kill him. In the aftermath, Pastora's colleagues quickly down-played their disagreements, but the episode promised not only to delay ARDE's alliance with the F.D.N. but to strengthen Pastora's resolve against any union under conditions other than his own.

In El Salvador, Duarte faces the Herculean task of fighting a civil war while persuading the country's businessmen and military officers to accept reforms that might induce the leftist rebels to give up their arms and join the fragile democracy. Before taking over from interim President Alvaro Magaña last week, he announced that he would reappoint General Eugenio Vides Casanova as Defense Minister, but



The fateful press conference: Pastora with newsmen moments before the explosion



The grisly aftermath: bloodied journalists write on the floor in pain . . .



. . . while another reporter yells in agony as he is gingerly lifted onto a stretcher

World

only on condition that he cleanse the armed forces of their links with the country's death squads. A week earlier, Vides Casanova had removed Colonel Nicolás Carranza from his post as head of the Treasury Police. Duarte's most sweeping decision so far is to split up the command of the regular army and the country's three security forces, which are considered the breeding ground of the death squads. Instead of reporting directly to Casanova, the National Guard, National Police and Treasury Police will answer to Colonel Reynaldo López Nulla, the newly named vice minister of public security.

Six Justice Ministry employees trained by the FBI over the past four months will serve as the nucleus of a new 20-man "judicial reform commission." The unit's main task will be to uphold the country's revised criminal code, which is designed to make prosecutions easier, and to investigate death-squad murders. The first case on their blotter: the 1980 assassination of Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero. Former U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Robert White has accused Roberto d'Aubuisson, Duarte's rightist opponent in last month's elections, of masterminding that murder, although the charge has never been proved. "Nobody is going to be above the law in this government," Duarte told TIME. "If Roberto d'Aubuisson is guilty, then Roberto d'Aubuisson is going to jail."

Duarte has said he favors a negotiated settlement with the leftist guerrillas, but he is not expected to rush into any talks. One reason is that at the moment the army enjoys the initiative on the battlefield. Duarte also has vowed not to hold discussions as long as the guerrillas still bear arms. Instead, he is likely to promote a variation of the existing amnesty program, under which rebels who relinquish their weapons are offered protection and the right to run in next year's legislative elections. "But if they are after part of the government, they can forget it," says Oscar Reyes, private secretary to the new president. "We worked for it, and if they want some of it they will have to do the same."

Behind the brave words lie harsh realities. Duarte's room for maneuver, especially on social reforms, will be constricted by the sorry state of the national economy. Some Salvadorans recall how the Christian Democrats acquiesced to rightist demands during their last turn in power, in 1980, while others remember how abrasively contentious Duarte can be. But not the least of Duarte's estimable qualities are his courage and optimism. "Five years from now when I turn over the presidency to my successor, I intend to hand over a new country," Duarte has vowed. Amid last week's joyous hoopla, that statement struck no one as recklessly hopeful.

—By James Kelly. Reported by David DeVoss/San Salvador and Johanna McGeary with Shultz

THE GULF

Fight to the Finish

The tanker war hits a lull, but Iraq fears a new land offensive

The focus in the 45-month-old war between Iran and Iraq shifted last week from the tepid waters of the Persian Gulf, where the two sides have attacked about a dozen oil tankers since the end of March, to the sweltering marshlands along the southern border between the two belligerents. According to Iraqi estimates, Iran had as many as half a million men poised to launch a new ground offensive at any time. The Iraqis have also moved Hawk missiles, armor and artillery into the area. Despite recurring reports of disagreement in Tehran about the wisdom of launching yet another human-wave assault, there was little doubt that if Iran's

their pocketbooks, not their guns." The Saudis can avoid a clash as long as the Iraqis limit their attacks to tankers at sea. If they hit ships in the vicinity of the Saudi port of Ras Tanura or the Kuwaiti port of Mena al Ahmadi, a Saudi or Kuwaiti response might be unavoidable. Even more serious would be an Iranian attack on Saudi or Kuwaiti desalination or electric power plants.

In the meantime, Saudi Arabia is trying to exert some influence over Iraqi President Saddam Hussein, who began the tanker attacks earlier this year as a way of forcing Khomeini to enter into peace negotiations. But Saddam Hussein will not lift his siege of Iran as long as Khomeini



With a tanker in the background, the U.S.S. Luce lies at anchor off Bahrain

Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini orders a new offensive, the battle will take place.

Iraq attacked two Iranian oil facilities last week; the damage was apparently slight, and Iraq did not respond. While the Arab states tried to get the United Nations Security Council to condemn Iran for its intransigence, Syria, at the behest of the Saudis, sent to Tehran a delegation headed by Vice President Abdul Halim Khaddam. He reportedly carried a Saudi offer to try to press Iraq to lift its siege of Iranian oil ports if Khomeini would agree to negotiate. The Iraqis rejected the idea. As a U.S. diplomat put it: "No one has cracked Khomeini. He hears but he doesn't listen."

Similarly, Turkish Prime Minister Turgut Ozal visited Baghdad and gently took the Iraqis to task for attacking Turkish tankers carrying Iranian crude oil in the gulf, but he got little satisfaction. As Iraqi Information Minister Latif Nasif Jasim later explained, "How can we know which ship our rockets hit?"

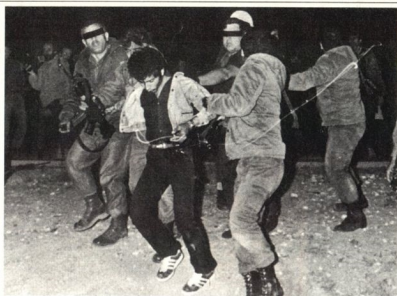
The Saudis have been trying to contain tensions in the area, hoping that reason will somehow prevail. They are desperately seeking to prevent the conflict, as well as Khomeini's brand of Islamic fundamentalism, from spreading. Says a senior Western diplomat in Jidda: "They are timid balancers. Their power is in

seems set on toppling Iraq's government.

According to senior Iranian military officers, Iran is making contingency plans to guard against the intrusion of U.S. and other Western naval vessels in the gulf. The Iranian navy has acquired rubber dinghies that, when equipped with outboard motors, are extremely fast and highly maneuverable. The strategy is to fill several of these boats with explosives and ram them, kamikaze-style, against an enemy ship. Alternatively, the dinghies can carry two-man crews equipped with rocket-propelled grenades. In the event of U.S. intervention, Iran would try to use these "dinghy knights," as the Iraqis call them, to cause the U.S. to suffer unacceptably high losses.

At week's end Iran issued a rare conciliatory note when Assembly Speaker Hashemi Rafsanjani declared, "As far as it is possible, we will prevent a catastrophe in the Persian Gulf from occurring by diplomacy." He hastened to reiterate, however, his government's determination to overthrow Saddam Hussein. For the moment, neither Iran nor Iraq has the power to end the war, but both have the capacity to invoke continued devastation on the other and hardship on their neighbors.

—By William E. Smith. Reported by Barry Hillenbrand/Jidda and Johanna McGeary/Washington



MILITARY PHOTO — HADASHOT

Telling photo: Israelis hustle Subhi Abu-Gumaa from the bus

ISRAEL

Lethal Questions, Vexing Answers

An official report reveals how two terrorists were killed

The report was classified top secret and not even given to the Knesset's Committee for Foreign Affairs and Security. But a meticulously worded 15-paragraph summary released by the Israeli government last week caused enough of a stir. According to a commission appointed by Defense Minister Moshe Arens, two of the four Arab terrorists who hijacked an Israeli bus in April were not slain in the ensuing siege, as originally thought. They were captured alive and killed later while in Israeli hands. Although the two-man panel concluded that no commanding officer had ordered the terrorists murdered, it did not determine who was responsible. That task now belongs to civilian and military authorities. Promised Arens: "Legal action shall be taken against those suspected of illegal acts."

Questions about the fate of the hijackers were raised almost immediately after the bloody episode, which began when four young Arab men seized a bus south of Tel Aviv. They threatened to blow up the bus and its 39 passengers if 25 imprisoned Palestinians were not freed. After an almost ten-hour impasse, Israeli commandos attacked the bus. One passenger was killed, seven wounded. Two terrorists were killed instantly, while the other two, according to an official statement the next day, died "on the way to the hospital," presumably of wounds.

Two Israeli newspaper photographers, however, snapped pictures that showed soldiers and security men hustling two men, one handcuffed and the other with only a trace of blood on his face, away from the scene. Israeli military censors immediately banned publication of

the photos, but the editor of *Hadashot*, a Tel Aviv daily, took one of the pictures to Banny Shuiel, the village in the Israeli-occupied Gaza Strip from which the terrorists came. Relatives quickly identified the shackled man in the photo as Majid Abu-Gumaa, one of the four dead Palestinians. Only after the *New York Times* published an account of doubts about how the deaths occurred did Defense Minister Arens ask a retired army major general, Meir Zorea, to lead an inquiry.

After a five-week investigation, which included exhuming the bodies, the commission determined that the two Arabs,

Majid Abu-Gumaa and his cousin, Subhi Abu-Gumaa, had received "severe blows to the head and body" during the assault on the bus. But the two Arabs were still alive when security men took them to an adjacent field for questioning about whether or not the bus was booby-trapped for a delayed explosion. At some point between the retaking of the bus and the end of the interrogation, each man suffered "a blow dealt to the back of the head by a blunt instrument," fracturing the skull and killing him.

TIME has learned that as a result of the Zorea report five top-ranking officers and security officials received official reprimands, not because of any direct involvement in the murders but because they were in charge of the rescue operation. "It is easy to judge them now," says a high-ranking Israeli army general. "But when you deal with unpredictable terrorists, explosives and hostages, you do not have the time to play Mr. Nice Guy."

On the film of both photographers, the frame following the picture of the Arab prisoners shows Arens and Chief of Staff Lieut. General Moshe Levy standing near by. That has led some Israelis to wonder whether these officials, who directed the assault on the bus, knew what went on. The situation was not helped by an unfortunate remark Arens made in a radio interview minutes after the bus was rushed. "Whoever plans and carries out terror operations of this kind should not expect to come away alive," he said. In fact, it has long been Israeli policy not to kill captured terrorists, partly as an incentive to them not to fight to the end and to prevent retaliation against Israeli soldiers in Arab hands. Interrogation also often provides leads about other guerrilla activities.

Visiting Washington last week, Arens remained unruined. "If I would have known what was going on, there would have been no need for an inquiry commission," he declared.

—By James Kelly.

Reported by David Halevy/Jerusalem



Hadashot's photo of Majid Abu-Gumaa being hurried away by two Israeli security officials. Only after government censors blacked out faces did they approve the pictures.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS BREGORY—BARNA, LIAISON



The Mujahedin in Action

During the Soviet offensive last April, the Afghan rebels combined strategy and weaponry to bloody effect. In one operation, 800 mujahedin, coordinating their attacks by radio, ambushed a fleet of Soviet vehicles traveling along the Salang Road, the main highway between Kabul and the Soviet border. By the following day, little remained of the Soviet procession save smoke, smashed and smoldering trucks, and the body of an Afghan government soldier (left). Four days later, the rebels struck again with a textbook ambush (above and right). They boxed in a Soviet convoy by firing rocket-propelled antitank grenades in front of the enemy vehicles and behind them. Then, from their mountain hideouts, they rained heavy machine-gun fire down upon their stranded prey. Forty Soviet vehicles went up in flames, and pillars of thick black smoke billowed hundreds of feet into the air.

AFGHANISTAN

Caravans on Moonless Nights

How the CIA supports and supplies the anti-Soviet guerrillas

The Soviet army's seventh and most punishing assault on Afghanistan's Panjshir Valley this spring was in many respects an exercise in frustration. Moscow was determined to bring down Ahmad Shah Massoud, 30, a resourceful leader of the mujahedin, who have been defying the Soviets ever since they invaded the country in 1979. But only five days before the beginning of the Soviet operation, code-named Goodbye Massoud, the mujahedin commander suddenly slipped away from his headquarters and went into hiding. The following week the Soviets claimed Massoud was dead. Within hours, the rebel leader's voice crackled over the Soviet army's secret radio network, accurately describing the weather, the Soviet positions and their casualties that day. Meanwhile, in whatever direction Soviet tanks turned, they ran across rebel-laid land mines. According to Western diplomats in the Afghan capital of Kabul, casualties were so high that grave-diggers at the local cemetery worked overtime to bury up to 40 soldiers a day.

The mujahedin had some special help that enabled them to resist the formidable assault so well. Three weeks before the Soviet tanks began to roll, American spy satellites detected movements that allowed agents to warn the rebels of the im-

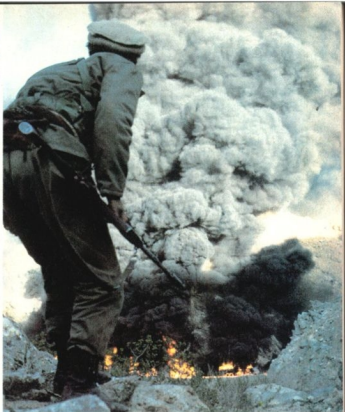
pending attack. Massoud's radio performance was made possible by the use of more than 40 CIA-supplied portable transmitters. In response to a specific request from Massoud, the CIA also arranged to send hundreds of land mines by plane, ship, truck, camel and pony across three continents and through several intermediaries, so that they got into rebel hands just before Goodbye Massoud began. Says a Western diplomat: "Nothing would make the Soviets happier than breaking the back of the CIA pipeline in Afghanistan."

The thwarting of Goodbye Massoud was the most recent, and perhaps the most daring, success of the CIA's operation to assist the embattled guerrillas. Like most of the world, the U.S. was outraged when the Soviets invaded Afghanistan and proceeded to transform it into a puppet state. That shock, together with widespread sympathy for the mujahedin, has not abated as Moscow has tried to consolidate its tenuous control over the nation by resorting to carpet bombing, chemical warfare and outright massacre of civilians.

So the existence of a CIA pipeline to the mujahedin has long been an open secret. President Carter's National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, publicly

took credit for setting up the arms flow to the Afghan rebels in 1979. Shortly before his death in 1981, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat acknowledged that the U.S. was using Egypt to ship weapons to Afghanistan. During a visit to Pakistan last year, Secretary of State George Shultz went so far as to tell several thousand Afghan refugees, "You fight valiantly, and your spirit inspires the world. I want you to know that you do not fight alone. I can assure you that the United States has, does and will continue to stand with you." Sources in Asia, the Middle East and the U.S. have given TIME some details of how the aid pipeline works. Used selectively, the information sheds light on this operation without exposing individuals and organizations.

The CIA spends around \$75 million a year supplying the rebels with grenades, RPG-7 rocket launchers and portable surface-to-air missiles, as well as with radio equipment and medicines. Although the guerrillas have their own stock of rifles, which they replenish with weapons captured during ambushes or taken from the Soviet dead, the CIA sends ammunition for AK-47s, together with machine guns and sophisticated snipers' rifles. Shipments of these goods arrive every few days, sometimes in the arms of messengers, but most often on caravans that travel on moonless nights to evade the powerful searchlights of low-flying Soviet helicopters. As a senior Western military attaché told TIME, "Getting the material they need in to the mujahedin must be



one of the most hazardous and difficult supply tasks ever undertaken in modern military history."

Politically the CIA's main challenge has been to avoid linking its operation to the government of Pakistani President Zia ul-Haq. Burdened by the inflow of more than 3 million Afghan refugees, Zia has actively tried to negotiate a settlement to the war in the face of Soviet intransigence. He has also repeatedly denied Soviet charges that his country was directly supplying the Afghan rebels in any way. Evidence to the contrary would not only compromise the talks, which are being conducted through the United Nations, but could even give the Soviets a pretext for moving into Pakistan's North-West Frontier province. "We're going to keep Zia's hands clean," CIA Director William Casey told a top aide early on. Says a senior intelligence official: "Ideally, the pipeline had to be invisible, passing through Pakistan without the Pakistanis' being aware that it was there." As a result, much of the operation is handled with the help of Saudi Arabia, which grows increasingly alarmed as Soviet airbases draw ever closer to its oilfields. The Saudis' support for the guerrillas is by no means covert; only six weeks ago, Crown Prince Abdullah encouragingly assured Afghan refugees in Pakistan, "Your struggle is a jihad [holy war] because you have taken up arms in defense of Islam. We will continue to assist you as we did in the past. We will always remain on your side."

The CIA pipeline to the guerrillas, initiated by the Carter Administration, was stepped up by Casey soon after President Reagan's election. The new director wasted no time in ordering his station chiefs in Europe to look for Afghan exiles who might make good recruits. The CIA men began by poring over lists of students and teachers, compiling dossiers on likely candidates and placing them under surveillance. Those who seemed thoroughly reliable and unquestionably pro-mujahedin received casual invitations to lunch from a visiting American professor, or a priest, perhaps, or even a Saudi businessman. All were undercover CIA agents. While the CIA was recruiting some 50 such Afghans in Europe, it was also, with help from the FBI, gathering a similar group in the U.S. Though most of the recruits were students, one was a Manhattan taxi driver, another a millworker from Ohio, a third a judo instructor from the Southwest.

For nine months, the 100 Afghans underwent training at CIA schools around the U.S., where they learned about shipping, running travel agencies and sending large containers overseas. At last, in the spring of 1982, Casey sent his fresh graduates into the field, armed with code names, passports and generous subsidies.

Some 30 Afghan agents took up positions in Saudi Arabia, working for small companies that handled the shipment of cargo to Asia. There they were put in

charge of sending out electronic equipment, sewing machines and fertilizers, as well as religious materials going to far-flung Muslims in Malaysia, Indonesia and, of course, Pakistan. To these regular shipments, the Afghans would sometimes add a few cases of arms, specially coded for quick detection by their colleagues. "We began modestly, because we were new to the game," one recruit says. "But as we got the hang of it, we were gradually able to increase the volume."

Meanwhile, the majority of the Afghan recruits went to Pakistan, where the CIA has for three decades run a topnotch network of agents and safe houses. "The CIA archives on Pakistan are perhaps the best in the world," a Western diplomat notes. "When the CIA pipeline first moved in, there wasn't a path into or out of Afghanistan that they didn't have mapped down to every physical detail." Better yet, nearly half of the almost 5,000 ships that unloaded goods in the Pakistani port of Karachi last year were carrying cargo from the Persian Gulf. A special arrangement allows vessels transporting food or medicine for Afghan refugees in Pakistan to be unloaded quickly and waved onto waiting trucks without going through normal customs procedures. The Afghans properly make use of this system to send along their arms.

The transportation of the land mines was a textbook example of the pipeline in operation. "It was a test," said an Afghan agent. "It made us feel that we were helping our brothers inside

World

Afghanistan fight the Russians." As soon as Massoud requested the mines, U.S. Army ordnance depots in the U.S. and West Germany collected the matériel, erased all the U.S. markings, then sent it to a CIA installation near Stuttgart. There the mines were wrapped in special shock-absorbent material and packed in lightweight, waterproof, steel shipping boxes. The crates were stuffed with telephone wires and batteries; their contents were described as telephone equipment for a religious organization. Next the shipment was loaded onto a cargo plane, which a CIA crew flew to a secret landing strip in the Persian Gulf sultanate of Oman.

From there the mines were transported by ship to Pakistan's Makran coast. The CIA Afghans met the arms there and drove them to a rendezvous with the mujahedin in a desolate area near the Afghan border. The guerrillas took the arms away in a Soviet-made truck; when that vehicle broke down, they switched to camels. Upon arrival at the outskirts of Kabul, the mujahedin opened the boxes and carefully packed each mine in a mixture of camel dung, mud and straw—the materials that local peasants use to build walls. Finally, more than two weeks later, ponies piled high with the booty arrived at Massoud's base in the Panjshir Valley. Says a senior Western diplomat in the region: "Considering that we are living in the age of computers and the Concorde, the means of getting help to the mujahedin are extremely primitive. Airdrops are possible in rare circumstances, but the Soviets have radar and fast interceptors."

The CIA has also taken care to set up swift and secure communication links with and among the rebels. Upon receiving intelligence, intermediaries in Oman and Saudi Arabia relay messages eastward to Afghan agents in Pakistan and westward to CIA headquarters in Langley, Va. Two years ago, the six major guerrilla groups within Afghanistan had to communicate by messenger; during the latest Soviet assault, Massoud was able to use radios to call for assistance from two other rebel bands.

The pipeline is probably working at close to its capacity, and the CIA is determined not to upset its delicate system. For that reason, the agency has, in recent months, refused to increase the quality or quantity of U.S. aid to the Afghan rebels. Last month, however, the House of Representatives passed a bill that would make Pakistan one of five countries where more than six military advisers may be stationed.

Sums up an Afghan agent: "Soviet attempts to cut the pipeline have created some frustration and disappointment. But the struggle inside Afghanistan continues to survive and, in some important ways, the pipeline continues to grow." —By Pico Iyer.

Reported by Dean Brelis/Karachi

SOVIET UNION

Grows from a "Wounded Bear"

Moscow angrily rejects Western inquiries about Sakharov

Near the end of two days of meetings with Soviet officials in Moscow last week, Australian Foreign Minister Bill Hayden finally broached the diplomatically ticklish topic. He asked his counterpart, Andrei Gromyko, for information about the health of Andrei Sakharov, 63, the Nobel Peace Prize recipient who is believed to have begun a fast on May 2 to gain official approval for his wife Yelena Bonner to receive medical treatment outside the Soviet Union. A look of irritation and anger flickered over Gromyko's dour features. Moscow "will not be told how to

receive a chilly blast from the Kremlin in answer to inquiries about the missing couple. French Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson announced last week that the Soviets had rejected an appeal from the European Community, labeling the Sakharov case an "internal affair." Cheysson said that French President François Mitterrand still planned to visit Moscow this year but noted that Sakharov's death "would be such a shocking thing that it would affect relations between the Soviets and any country." The Reagan Administration continued to mute its protests last week, fearing that a direct challenge to the Kremlin would only make the situation worse for the Sakharovs. Confessed a State Department official who has monitored the case closely: "We feel we simply don't know what's happening. It's very worrisome."

No display of Soviet hostility and rage has seemed more perplexing than the Kremlin's handling of the Sakharov case. Family friends who on three successive nights drove past the Sakharov apartment in Gorky, the city to which the dissident physicist has been exiled since 1980, said they were convinced no one was there because they had seen no lights in the windows. Soviets with access to official information claimed that Sakharov had been hospitalized two weeks ago and that officials were "very, very concerned" about his health.

Yet in a commentary titled "Healers from the CIA," the Soviet news agency TASS provided a cryptic but decidedly upbeat report on Sakharov's health. "What of his hunger strike?" asked TASS. "Let us cite exact medical facts: Sakharov feels well, is eating regularly and is leading an active way of life." Considering that the scientist suffers from heart trouble, the reference to his new-found vigor strained credibility. But the tone of the commentary seemed calculated to assuage fears that Sakharov might still be fasting and close to death.

U.S. officials regarded the attack on Consular Officer Ronald Harms outside a restaurant in downtown Leningrad nearly two months ago as another reflection of "the sour Soviet attitude toward the U.S." Last week U.S. Ambassador to Moscow Arthur Hartman personally delivered a strongly worded protest to Leningrad officials. Harms had apparently finished talking to a Soviet citizen who was in trouble with the authorities, when three youths accosted him in the doorway, knocked him to the ground and kicked him. U.S. diplomats had no doubt that Harms' attackers were engaged, as one official put it, in a "public-sector activity" with government approval. ■



Irritated and angry: Foreign Minister Gromyko
"The conversation on this subject ends here."

deal with the Sakharovs by other countries," he snapped. "The conversation on this subject ends here."

That response to the mere mention of Sakharov was consistent with the ultra-hard line that Moscow has shown the world in recent weeks. After Gromyko rebuffed Hayden's appeal, Soviet Deputy Prime Minister Nikolai Talyzin told the visiting Juan Antonio Samaranch, president of the International Olympic Committee, that the Soviets had no intention of reversing their decision to withdraw from the Los Angeles Olympics no matter how many emissaries came around. In ironic counterpoint to Moscow's vociferous complaints that Soviet athletes would not be safe at the Games, American officials revealed that a U.S. consular officer had been attacked by "goons" on the streets of Leningrad in broad daylight in April. The Soviets, a senior U.S. diplomat summed up last week, are behaving "like a wounded bear."

Hayden was not the only foreigner

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Police officers take Scargill into custody: the reaction was swift and brutal

BRITAIN

Pit Stops

A miners' strike turns ugly

The first convoy of 35 trucks rumbled out of the plant gates last Tuesday morning carrying low-sulfur coal from the Orgreave coking works, near Sheffield, to a steel mill at Scunthorpe, 40 miles away. With that, Britain's angry, three-month-old miners' strike flared into open war. As the vehicles ran the gauntlet between Orgreave and Scunthorpe, 7,000 picketing miners pelted them with rocks, smoke bombs, ball bearings and nail-studded potatoes. Two thousand policemen charged repeatedly into the crowd on foot and on horseback. By the end of the day, 81 strikers had been arrested and at least 110 people hurt, among them 41 policemen. Thundered Arthur Scargill, 46, president of the powerful National Union of Mineworkers: "There were scenes of brutality that were almost unbelievable."

Only about 500 supporters answered Scargill's plea for an even bigger turnout the following day. Then Scargill was arrested for obstruction at Orgreave's main gate. He was quickly released on bail, but the reaction was nonetheless swift and brutal. Within hours, more than 3,000 demonstrators had gathered, and police charges were meeting stiffer resistance. Lengths of wire were strung across the road at the height of a horse's fetlock and a rider's neck. Telephone poles were ripped down and used as battering rams against police lines. The authorities and some miners blamed the renewed violence on hard-line Marxist infiltrators.

The strike had entered a dangerous new phase of which the outcome could not be predicted. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher condemned the "violence and intimidation" at Orgreave, but her government stayed carefully on the sidelines. The National Coal Board, whose

plans to close unproductive pits and trim 20,000 of 180,000 jobs in the industry had touched off the conflict, stood by its policies but left the way open for a negotiated settlement. Labor Party Leader Neil Kinnock attacked Thatcher's handling of the crisis but conspicuously avoided making the strike a party cause: the walkout is unpopular with many of Labor's moderate voters. In forcing last week's confrontations, Scargill seemed to be making a bold bid to shore up support in the face of rapidly dwindling strike funds. But his flamboyant intransigence made him seem less interested in saving jobs than in taking on the government.

Coal Board Chairman Ian MacGregor appeared determined to reach a settlement with the miners' union. Yet there was little progress when Scargill met with the Coal Board on Thursday. The union chief continued to insist that the pit closures are not negotiable; the Coal Board said only that it would reframe its plans to streamline the industry.

Thanks to the combined effects of the miners' walkout and the gulf war, which had caused the oil companies to build up their stocks, Britain registered a \$1.17 billion trade deficit for April, instead of an anticipated small surplus. The trend could well continue. Scargill called off further picketing after Wednesday's clashes at Orgreave. But on Friday an estimated 3,500 miners again turned up at the beleaguered plant, and another skirmish with police took place. Elsewhere, there were signs that the striking miners might be gathering support. Ken Livingstone, the radical leftist leader of the Greater London Council, called for a mass union uprising against Thatcher "because the government is starting to be vulnerable." He proposed "a total stoppage of every bus and tube train into London," as well as walkouts by hospital workers and teachers (who are already on selective strike). Livingstone does not control the unions, but he is a popular figure on the left.

DIPLOMACY

Fence Mending

Botha goes calling in Europe

The headline in one Johannesburg paper almost shouted the news: P.W. LEADS SOUTH AFRICA OUT OF ISOLATION. Another daily described the forthcoming event as a "venture to the exterior." The excitement was caused by Prime Minister P.W. Botha's 16-day trip to Western Europe, the most ambitious journey undertaken by a South African leader in almost 40 years. The purpose of the trip, which is taking Botha to Portugal, Switzerland, Britain, West Germany, Belgium, France, Austria and perhaps Italy: to move South Africa a bit further from the limbo to which its apartheid policies have condemned it for the past generation.

Even South Africa's strongest critics admit that Botha, 68, who became Prime Minister almost six years ago, has made things a little better. He has given a measure of political power to the Asian and "colored" (mixed-race) minorities, though none to the 21-million black majority. He has reduced the hostilities between South Africa and the black-ruled states of Mozambique and Angola. Finally, Botha has said he is prepared under certain conditions to give independence to Namibia, a territory that South Africa governs in violation of United Nations resolutions.

From the start, Botha's hosts went to some effort to keep a discreet distance between themselves and their guest. "I'm here because I was invited by different governments," Botha declared upon arrival in Lisbon, though most of the governments concerned were saying that he had invited himself. When asked about the demonstrations that threatened to interrupt his travels, Botha bristled. "We live in a free world. It is everyone's right to demonstrate, even to make fools of themselves."

In Britain, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher prepared for the South Africa's visit by emphasizing her opposition to apartheid and insisting that her government would maintain the present arms embargo against South Africa. On Saturday, as the two leaders met for lunch, 7,000 demonstrators gathered at London's Trafalgar Square, where they heard Deputy Labor Party Leader Roy Hattersley call Botha's visit "an insult to Britain's black and Asian population." Still, like the other European governments, the British recognized South Africa's importance as a trading partner and as a political power. In the words of a Thatcher aide, the government's aim was "not to drive the South Africans further into [isolation] but to bring them out."



P.W. in Lisbon



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BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.

World Notes

COLOMBIA

Making Peace with Guerrillas

At noon, activity throughout the country stopped for two minutes. People at office windows, on the street or in buses waved white handkerchiefs. Car horns blared, church bells pealed, and radio and television stations broadcast the national anthem. In downtown Bogotá, more than 10,000 people gathered in silence as 1,000 doves were released from the parliament building. The occasion: the beginning of an unprecedented year-long truce between the government and the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (F.A.R.C.), the largest of the country's five leftist guerrilla groups.

Although President Belisario Betancur Cuartas has expressed confidence that the other armed movements will sign similar agreements, a recent rash of bombings, bank robberies and kidnappings suggests the contrary. These acts of violence are believed to be the work of other guerrilla groups that oppose the cease-fire. But F.A.R.C.'s second-in-command, Jacobo Arenas, remained firm. Said he: "We are going to give the President a little more strength by keeping our part of the peace bargain."

EGYPT

On the Road to Democracy

Traditionally, Egyptian elections have had one outcome: a sweep for the government party. For President Hosni Mubarak, there was something particularly sweet about victory last week. As his countrymen participated in their freest parliamentary elections in more than 30 years, Mubarak's National Democratic Party took 73% of the vote, winning 390 of 448 elected seats. The Wafd, a 65-year-old party that was banned under Gamal Abdel Nasser in 1953, re-emerged five months ago as the New Wafd party. It obtained 58 seats, more than any other opposition group has held in three decades. Said New Wafd Assistant Secretary General Noman Gomaa: "We are happy not because of the seats we have gained, but because we have made the country feel that we exist."

Mubarak's aim in holding free elections was not only to legitimize the government he inherited after Anwar Sadat was assassinated in 1981. The existence of a genuine opposition enables him to spread responsibility for difficult policy measures, including much needed economic reforms. Mubarak also wanted to prove that Egyptians are as capable of holding democratic elections as their neighbors, the Israelis, who go to the polls next month.

HAITI

A Hungry and Bolder Populace

"Down with misery and hunger!" the crowd shouted as it stormed through the northern coastal city of Cap-Haitien last week, demanding an end to police brutality and clamoring for more food. Hundreds of people blocked the town's entrance with boulders and then marched on the police and army headquarters. Government forces responded by firing into the crowd. The toll: three dead and more than a dozen wounded. It was only the latest clash in the most serious outbreak of social unrest in 27 years.

The violence coincides with efforts by President-for-Life Jean-Claude Duvalier, 32, to respond to U.S. pressure to liberalize a regime that still vividly recalls the repression fostered under

the rule of his late father, François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier. In recent weeks Duvalier has sent letters to police and military officials, demanding that they respect due process of law and stop using torture. Ironically, the liberalization seems to have emboldened rather than placated the populace. At week's end Duvalier announced that five ministers had been fired in a major Cabinet reshuffle.

EAST GERMANY

All But Closing the Door

At first it looked almost as if the Wall had come tumbling down. A startling number of East Germans who had been waiting as long as seven years for permission to move to West Germany were being granted exit visas: 25,400 in the first four months of this year, more than three times as many as in 1983. Now, just as abruptly, East German Communist Party Leader Erich Honecker has all but slammed the door shut. In May, only 1,100 were allowed to leave, compared with 9,800 in April.

Honecker was apparently trying to get rid of political dissidents, church activists and malcontents, as well as to clear the backlog of applications of people who wanted to be reunited with their families in the West. For those who did not succeed in leaving or who have participated in the country's fledgling peace movement, new restrictions have been imposed. Sixty thousand East Germans, most of them youths, have had their identity cards confiscated and must now apply for permission to travel anywhere outside the cities in which they live.



East German refugees

SWITZERLAND

Paying Up—Sort Of

To the French the incident is mere history. When Napoleon passed through the Swiss village of Bourg St. Pierre on his way to Italy in 1800, his troops borrowed 80 pots and pans, uprooted 2,037 trees and took 3,150 logs to help transport their cannons across the snow-covered Great St. Bernard Pass. Napoleon sent an IOU promising, "I will reimburse everything." Since then the citizens of Bourg St. Pierre have been trying in vain to collect the 30,254 gold francs they say they are owed. When President François Mitterrand visited Switzerland last year, they politely reminded him of the outstanding debt. They did not ask for a specific sum, however, because with compound interest the amount would have reached tens of millions of dollars.

In response, a personal representative of Mitterrand's has arrived in Bourg St. Pierre (pop. 214) bearing a commemorative plaque and a handwritten letter from the President, thanking the village for the hospitality shown Napoleon. French officials said the matter had been resolved "in a warm and friendly way." Mayor Fernand Dorsaz accepted the plaque and letter as symbols of the debt's amicable settlement, and declared the matter "closed and settled—with a tinge of nostalgia."



Napoleon in the Alps

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Economy & Business

The Long-Distance Runners

A T & T and its rivals are competing all-out for one another's customers

I looked for all the world last week like a gas station or a bank or a rent-a-car company trying to lure customers by offering discounts on television sets or getaway weekends. Instead, it was A T & T signaling that the once straightforward business of providing long-distance telephone service has drastically changed.

Prodded by new competition from companies like MCI Communications and GTE-Sprint, A T & T announced a program that gives its 80 million residential customers credits toward buying 50 different products and services. By making \$15 to \$300 a month in long-distance calls, customers become eligible for reductions on Polaroid cameras, airline tickets and nights in a Howard Johnson's motel. If callers reach out and touch someone often enough or long enough, they can talk themselves into \$500 off a Toyota truck. The A T & T plan is aimed at helping the company hang on to its dominance of the \$45 billion U.S. long-distance market.

The A T & T offer is all part of the new era of choice in long-distance service. Before the end of 1986, telephone users across the U.S. will be asked to pick one of several competing companies as their primary long-distance carrier. If they cannot make up their minds, people will automatically be assigned one of them, probably A T & T. These developments are an outgrowth of the Jan. 1 breakup of the Bell System, and of dozens of regulatory and technical changes in American telecommunications during the past 15 years. Says Edward Carter, marketing vice president of MCI: "For American consumers, it is the most significant change in a day-to-day necessity they've ever seen."

The battle is most intense in Charleston, W. Va. On July 15, Charleston will become the first U.S. city to be technically capable of offering all phone users a choice of long-distance carriers. In August, Alameda, Calif., will become the second city to offer the option. Up to now, only people with Touch-Tone or modified dial phones could use a long-distance company other than A T & T, a technical limitation that excluded the 40% with old-style rotary dials.

The chief challengers to A T & T are MCI and Sprint, small but nimble carriers that nibble away at A T & T's customers with high technology, growing networks and lower tolls. Along with lesser-knowns like Chicago's Allnet, the big competitors are mounting publicity and ad campaigns that would make Barnum proud. Actor



At Boston's Logan Airport, travelers have a choice of nine carriers at the push of a button

"The most significant change in a day-to-day necessity" that Americans have ever seen.

Cliff Robertson does the pitching in television ads for A T & T, while Comic Joan Rivers weighs in for MCI. Companies are offering lures aplenty. A T & T and MCI first gave away an hour of free long-distance time for signing up; Sprint quickly matched them. Before the campaign is over, each consumer in Alameda will be reached four times by mail or phone by Sprint promoting its discounts. There are promises of fee cuts and refunds if users are not satisfied. A T & T plays up services that its rivals cannot match. Examples: collect and person-to-person calls and automatic credit for misdialing.

The companies were literally winning and dining big customers. William C. Norton, who is public work director for Alameda, received an invitation to an A T & T cocktail party, as well as approaches from other carriers. Each firm is ogling his city's annual \$50,000 in long-distance charges.

MCI claims to have signed up 5,000 new Charleston customers in six weeks, five times the number during the previous two years. Yet most of the hard sell seems to be going over the heads of ordinary citizens, who remain confused about the breakup of the phone company. Sniffed

G. Ralph Fuller of South Charleston: "If A T & T wants these phones, they can have them. I'll hook up like I used to with two tin cans on a string." Says Ken McEl-downey, co-director of a consumer group in San Francisco: "People have no idea what is just of this means, and the campaign is just beginning here." The bewildering array facing consumers is most clearly seen at Logan Airport in Boston, where pay phones give people the choice of eight different long-distance services in addition to A T & T.

The confusion is only natural because so much has changed. Says MCI's Carter: "This is either a whole new business, or an old business being completely remade." Long before the Bell System breakup, when Ma Bell had no competitors to speak of, there was hardly any of today's marketing hype. Then came the consent decree of 1982 between A T & T and the Justice Department that split the Bell System into eight entities, a new A T & T for long-distance service and seven regional holding companies for local phone calls and short-haul long distance.

When someone makes a long-distance call, the local phone companies control the connections between the customer's telephone and the long-distance system. As part of the split-up, Federal Judge Harold Greene ruled that the local companies had to make it just as easy for people to use one of the competing long-distance services as it was to use A T & T. This "equal access" provision, Greene felt, would promote competition in long-distance service. MCI has been in the long-distance business since the late 1970s, but its customers have had to dial as many as 24 digits to make a phone call. By contrast, A T & T's customers have only to dial a maximum of eleven (1, the area code and the number). The extra numbers obviously gave A T & T an advantage.

When other U.S. cities follow Charleston and Alameda to equal access, their consumers, too, will merely have to dial 1 plus an area code and then the number. That will hook them into the primary long-distance carrier they have chosen. If they want another company to take their calls, they will have to dial 10 plus a special three-digit code for that carrier before dialing the area code and number. Customers will not be stuck forever with the long-distance service they choose. They will be able to switch from one to another for free for the first six months of equal access, after that for a fee of only \$5.

By 1987, 75% of U.S. telephone exchanges should have equal access to several long-distance services. The remaining 25% will probably not have such a choice until the end of the decade, if ever, because they are in rural areas. A T & T will continue to have that business.

For the new competitors, the riches from even a tiny slice of A T & T's long-distance pie are substantial. A T & T's share of the market is 61%, with the new regional companies and non-Bell inde-

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AT&T Reach out and touch someone

In the telephone star wars, Cliff Robertson makes a reassuring pitch for Ma Bell

pendents handling an additional 32%. MCI's revenues doubled annually between 1980 and 1983, going from \$144 million to \$1 billion. In that same period, profits mushroomed from \$13 million to \$171 million. Yet its share of the long-distance market is only 3.5%, 1.3 million residential customers and 300,000 business clients. Sprint has less than a 2% share, but it is rapidly adding more and now claims a customer base of 1 million, almost double that at the end of 1982.

As of now, the newcomers enjoy a special status because the Federal Communications Commission is allowing them to gain market strength. They are free to charge whatever they want without FCC approval. In contrast, A T & T rates are subject to Government review. A T & T historically has averaged its prices geographically, roughly equalizing them nationwide. The competitors can vary the prices from location to location, charging more for a 200-mile call, for example, in one area than another. A T & T is obliged to serve the whole country, while the new competitors can pick the most profitable traffic areas.

But the new long-distance competitors are going to lose some of those advantages. To gain access to customers' telephones,

the new carriers until last month were paying a fee to local telephone companies equal to only 30% of what A T & T paid. They now pay 45%, and when the equal-access switch is complete, all long-distance companies will pay the same rate.

MCI does not appear too nervous about that problem. It intends to offset the slightly lower profit margin by getting more customers and hanging on to them longer. Currently the company loses about 40% of its customers annually because of MCI's long and cumbersome access codes or occasionally poor connection quality that is due to inadequate switching systems. Those difficulties should ease with equal access to local telephone systems.

Many customers seem willing to stick with the services because of lower prices. Mary Plunkett, a sales coordinator for an Atlanta food company, complains that about 20% of the time the Sprint hookup "just refuses to work." Nevertheless, she adds, "But it saves us a substantial amount of money. That's the best incentive there is." Typically, tolls for both MCI and Sprint are less than A T & T's. For customers with bills of \$25 or more, a ten-minute call after 5 p.m. from New York to Los Angeles is \$2.52 for Sprint vs. \$3.09 for A T & T.

How much of A T & T's long-distance business can the new companies capture? Competitors predict that they could get 20% to 30%. The more likely share will be no more than 10% during the next year or two. Many consumers are as comfortable with their Ma Bell as they were with their Ma, and they will be slow to change.

For the newer companies as well as for A T & T, selling is the order of the day. Says MCI's Carter: "We're going to give long distance an image. Having specials, packaging it, promoting it. We're going to give long distance a brand name." The hoopla and promotions surrounding long-distance phone service have clearly just begun.

—By John S. DeMott, Reported by William Blaylock/Los Angeles and Jay Branagan/Washington



Comedian Joan Rivers in a TV ad for MCI

Putting Off the Reckoning Day

Bolivia announces it will suspend payment of its foreign debt

For more than two years American bankers have been concerned that a Latin American nation would default on its loans. Pedro-Pablo Kuczynski, president of First Boston International and former Minister of Energy and Mines in Peru, has warned, "One of the smaller Latin American countries defaulting could set off a chain reaction." Last week Bolivia, though a mere mouse of a debtor by international standards, looked as if it could be the mouse that roared. The economically ailing country said that it will temporarily suspend repayment of its \$3.4 billion in foreign loans, including some \$680 million owed to Western banks. In announcing that move, however, Bolivia stressed that it intends to renegotiate rather than walk away from its debt.

While the Andean country's borrowings are dwarfed by those of such neighbors as Brazil (\$96 billion) and Argentina (\$43.6 billion), the Bolivian action nonetheless shook moneymen. Phone calls from anxious foreigners flooded embassies, newspapers and government agencies in the capital city of La Paz. On Wall Street, prices slid further on a bond market still edgy over last month's near collapse of Chicago's Continental Illinois.

In Bolivia, the government move drew an angry response from former Finance Minister Flavio Machicado, who two weeks ago quit the Cabinet of President Hernán Siles Zúñiga. Machicado charged that the President had caved in to

pressure from the powerful Bolivian Central Labor Union, which led an April general strike to protest belt-tightening measures demanded by the International Monetary Fund. Said Machicado: "This renegotiation idea is absurd."

Although bankers claimed to be unruffled by Bolivia's action, some experts believed that it could signal the start of new problems for lenders. Said George Soros, president of Soros Fund Management and a specialist on Latin debt: "The tables are beginning to turn. So far, the banks have had the upper hand in negotiations with the borrowers. But after the loss in confidence triggered by the rescue of Continental Illinois, the debtor countries are in a much better position to get the concessions they demand."

Last week's announcement from La Paz was part of a flurry of Latin American debt developments. In another key action, the U.S. agreed to extend a \$300 million loan commitment to Argentina until mid-June. The credit will go into effect once Argentina reaches agreement on an economic austerity program with the IMF. Argentina will use the U.S. cash to repay loans from four other Latin countries that enabled it to meet March 30 interest payments to its banks.

In neighboring Brazil, government leaders found themselves painfully squeezed between the IMF and its sister agency, the World Bank. The bank wants to lend Brazil \$1.4 billion for major development projects, but the credit has been held up because it would swell Brazil's money supply beyond limits set by the IMF as a condition for its aid.

Meanwhile, Chicago's Continental Illinois last week continued the efforts to find a buyer that it has been making since the \$7.5 billion, Government-led rescue of the troubled bank. However, Chairman David Taylor conceded that some form of additional federal guarantee will probably be needed to persuade a prospective merger partner to come forward with an offer. Said Taylor: "We are working as hard as we can on a private solution, but that honestly looks as if it may not be feasible."

Any further Government aid would be costly to Continental's shareholders. A federally assisted merger could mean the write-off of Continental's \$2.3 billion in bad loans and a sharp drop in the value of its stock. Mindful of that possibility, investors last week continued dumping Continental shares, which stood at 25 just nine months ago. The stock dropped a total of 2½ last Wednesday and Thursday, to a record low of 5½, before closing the week at 5½.

—By John Greenwald, Reported by Jorge Canelas/La Paz and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York



Soviet cars are traded for West German goods

Modern Barter

Simple swaps become big deals

Want to sell DC-9s for Yugoslav hams, beer and machine tools, or frozen New Zealand lamb for Iranian oil? How about U.S. jet fighters for Greek cement, or a 150 million-year-old Mongolian dinosaur skeleton for West German cars?

Welcome to countertrade, a modern form of bartering and one of the fastest growing ways of doing business around the world. Countertrade ranges from relatively simple barter transactions to intricate arrangements that can involve many nations and goods as well as complex financing and credits. Because so many countries, especially the less developed ones (LDCs), are having trouble paying cash for the goods they need, swapping merchandise and services is becoming increasingly attractive.

Countertrade has been practiced for centuries. The Indians sold Manhattan Island to the Dutch for some beads, cloth and trinkets, and during World War II Adolf Hitler sent Yugoslavia boxcars of aspirin in return for that country's copper. Low commodity prices and a world credit crunch are causing the back-to-barter boom. In just eight years, countertrade in all its forms has grown from an estimated 2% of world commerce to roughly 33%, according to Business Trend Analysts, a New York consulting firm.

Much East-West trade involves convoluted deals: Western firms sell items like steel or chemicals to Communist state trading organizations in exchange for such items as tobacco, vodka, timber, toys and forklift trucks. The Western



Former Finance Minister Flavio Machicado
"This renegotiation idea is absurd."

**"What
other coffee
would I
choose?"**



**John Roskelley,
Mountain Climbing
Instructor.**



**It lets you
be your best.**





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The first genuine imitation of the original Apple IIe.

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128K of memory—twice the power of computers twice its size.

A built-in disk drive that could cost \$400 if it weren't.

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Since it's an Apple II, the IIc can run over 10,000 programs. Including the software that's made the IIe the most popular computer in education.

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The Spirit of America



Sundown on the Mississippi by Lisl De

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Economy & Business

On the Road, Again—with Style

Americans are moving back into motor homes

company then often resells the Eastern product through a middleman for cash. In one of the biggest of these accords, Occidental Petroleum and the Soviet Union have a 20-year, \$20 billion agreement that calls, in part, for the annual exchange of 1 million tons of American superphosphoric acid fertilizer for 4 million tons of Soviet ammonia, urea and potash.

Despite its difficulties, countertrade appeals to a growing number of Western firms. West Germany and France, for example, have sold the Soviet Union tractors, cranes and pipeline technology in exchange for long-term supplies of natural gas, which started arriving earlier this year. The project was also financed by heavily subsidized loans granted by the West Europeans. Sorimex, a Renault subsidiary, takes coffee, phosphates and other commodities in exchange for autos in deals with such countries as Colombia, Tunisia, Turkey, Egypt, Rumania and the People's Republic of China. Last year those accords accounted for 30% of Renault's business with developing countries. Almost a fifth of General Electric's \$4 billion in exports last year were under countertrade contracts.

Some large U.S. banks now barter goods as a sideline. Says Daniel Nash, a trader hired by Citicorp's London countertrade division to turn commodities into cash for the bank's commercial customers: "Countertrade enables banking activity to continue where it otherwise might not. No one wants it, yet it is there as the only practical alternative for the hard-pressed LDCs."

Although some officials in Washington oppose countertrade on the grounds that it undermines free trade, the Government offers advice to U.S. firms on how to structure countertrade agreements. Complains Pompiliu Verzariu, a senior trade counselor with the Commerce Department: "U.S. exporters are willing to look at any options, even costly, inefficient options like countertrade, to do business." The pressure for more barter trade may increase as a result of the growing U.S. trade deficit, which could reach \$120 billion this year.

Many economists fear that countertrade could severely weaken, rather than bolster, international commerce. It fosters bilateral agreements at the expense of multilateral trade and can reduce overall world commerce. Says Franklin Root, head of the Wharton School's international business program: "Such arrangements are anathema to the free market." Others disagree. Zenon Carnapas, head of the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development, says that countertrade deals are "a solution of last resort" for struggling LDCs. Still, no one disputes that postwar prosperity was built on the foundation of free and growing trade among nations.

—By Robert T. Grievs.

Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Lawrence Malkin/Paris

Like their pioneer ancestors who traveled west in covered wagons, American vacationers hitting the roads this summer will take their beds with them. From Maine's Acadia National Park to Zion National Park in Utah and beyond, 7 million recreational vehicles will be on the road. They range from small folding trailers that barely accommodate four people and cost about \$2,500 to sumptuous 30-ft. motor coaches that comfortably sleep six or more and are laden with microwave ovens, walnut paneling and air conditioners, all for a neat \$87,000.

RVs are going into overdrive once again after hitting a rough patch. Sales reached 526,300 in 1978, but then were stalled by rising interest rates and fears of a gasoline shortage. Only 181,400 were

ket, cut excess weight and restyled exteriors to make its RVs more aerodynamic and squeeze more miles out of a gallon of fuel. The company's 27-footers now get 15 m.p.g. on the highway at 50 m.p.h., twice the mileage of a decade ago. Winnebago (1983 sales: \$239 million) developed a front-wheel-drive model powered by a Renault diesel engine. One version, called the LeSharo, gets up to 24 m.p.g., even though it carries a fully equipped bathroom and two double beds. List price: \$25,000.

The industry resurgence has meant a boom for the town of Elkhart, Ind. (pop. 41,300). A carriage-building center at the turn of the century, northern Indiana was later home to such automakers as Studebaker and Auburn. Today the defunct car



With ice maker, trash compactor, stereo system and color TV, this Coachmen costs \$87,000.

Smaller models start at \$19,000: "A condo on wheels for what you'd pay for a Cadillac."

sold in 1980, and half the manufacturers and dealers folded. But last year sales were back to 360,000.

Despite generally poor weather this spring, sales rose 25.3% during the first three months of 1984, and March was the best month in nearly six years. Executives say that business is getting a lift from baby boomers who now have children of their own and want an inexpensive means of travel. They tout a University of Michigan study indicating that 40% of households surveyed plan to buy or use a recreational vehicle over the next three years.

The fastest-growing segment of the market is motor homes, whose prices start at about \$19,000 for a stripped-down version with four bunks. "They're a condo on wheels for about what you'd pay for a Cadillac," says James Summers, head of the RV dealers' association. "That's a powerful selling point."

Though they still cannot be considered economy vehicles, new motor homes are more fuel efficient than earlier models. Riverside, Calif.-based Fleetwood, the industry leader with 20% of the mar-

panies have been supplanted by more than 30 camper, trailer and motor-home makers, who accounted for 37% of last year's U.S. production. In the past year, they have hired 4,000 new workers.

At Coachmen Industries, the Elkhart area's largest manufacturer, sales shot up 80% last year to \$478 million, and profits nearly quadrupled. During the first three months of 1984 profits leaped another 89%, even though production was restricted by a shortage of chassis on which motor-home bodies are mounted. Complains Chairman Thomas Corson: "Detroit can't send us enough, so we're starting to use Toyota chassis."

Having seen what they consider the worst during the oil crises of the '70s, industry executives now view open roads ahead. Says Fleetwood Vice President Elden Smith: "Not only is there more leisure time, but people seem willing to work at enjoying it more. The number of dollars spent on leisure could end up being second only to the defense budget."

—By Alexander L. Taylor III.

Reported by Lee Griggs/Elkhart

Minnesota's Magic Touch

A public-private alliance creates jobs and high-tech companies

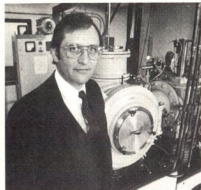
As money and manpower continue to rush toward the Sunbelt, Minnesota would seem to be left out. The North Star State, however, has been striving to avoid that danger. Minnesota is currently breeding new high-technology enterprises at a rate rarely seen outside California's Silicon Valley. That performance, moreover, has helped Minnesota make a vigorous rebound from the recent recession despite continuing problems in the state's farm

two years ago persuaded state lawmakers to give tax breaks to big companies that sell, license or lease technology to small ones. Among the beneficiaries of Control Data aid has been Multi-Arc Vacuum Systems, a St. Paul marketer of an advanced coating process that doubles the life of industrial tools. "We're doers," Norris says.

Those intent on spurring Minnesota business include Democratic-Farmer-

courting new business. The city has joined the University of Minnesota in setting up a new "high-technology corridor" that will house research and development facilities on 70 acres of now sparsely used land. The purpose is to spawn new small- and medium-size firms that will go on to open plants around the state.

The university is also encouraging its faculty members to start their own companies. Last year the university put up \$100,000 to help Mechanical Engineering Professor J. Edward Anderson patent his dream: a computerized transit system consisting of cars running on an elevated track. Says Richard Gehring, president of Automated Transportation Systems, a

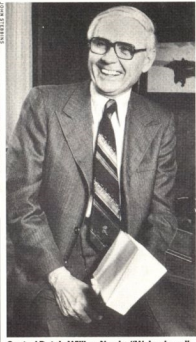


Multi-Arc Vacuum President Peter Flood

sector. In just one year, the jobless rolls in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area have shrunk by more than a third, from 93,800 last spring to 60,600 today. Why all this in Minnesota?

The state's secret has been a unique coalition of public and private interests that have come together to create jobs. Leaders from such diverse fields as business, government, labor and education have teamed up in ventures ranging from keeping the Twins baseball team in Minnesota to trimming state income taxes. Their cooperative spirit has been winning admirers far beyond the state's borders. Among them is William Ouchi, author of the 1981 bestselling management guide *Theory Z*. In a new book, *The M-Form Society*, Ouchi calls Minnesota's brand of public-private teamwork a model for regaining America's competitive edge. Writes he: "Minneapolis has done what many other American cities now hope to duplicate: it has succeeded at developing one new major industry after another, thus continuing to provide jobs, growth and prosperity for its citizens."

A prominent leader in the drive to create companies has been William Norris, chairman of Minneapolis-based Control Data. Under Norris, 72, the computer firm has helped sponsor a torrent of projects with names like the Minnesota Cooperation Office and Minnesota Wellspring. The latter, whose varied membership includes business and government officials,



Control Data's William Norris: "We're doers"

Labor Governor Rudy Perpich. A former dentist who lost his initial bid for a second term in 1978, Perpich spent the next 3½ years as a Control Data trade representative in Vienna. As a result, he recalls, "I decided that I was going to spend my time developing markets." His resolve stiffened by a flight of new plants to the Sunbelt and to low-tax neighbors North Dakota and South Dakota, Perpich has sponsored some 20 business missions abroad since he returned to office at the start of 1983 and has begun an ambitious effort to finance exports.

Closer to home, Perpich is beefing up Minnesota's already booming medical and biotechnology industry, which now numbers some 150 firms. To spur growth further, Minnesota last February set up an Office of Medical/Biotechnology and Health Care, whose functions include attracting capital from other regions.

Minneapolis leaders are also busily



Automated Transportation's Richard Gehring

new firm that will develop the equipment: "If all we build is 50 miles of rail a year, that's \$500 million."

But not all of Minnesota's corporate leaders are pleased with its business climate. Earlier this year 3M, the largest Minnesota manufacturer, declared that it will build a major research center outside Austin, Texas, and move two divisions to the area. Among the reasons was 3M's anger over a Minnesota law making firms liable for virtually all problems at the hazardous-waste sites they use.

The 3M defection sparked a renewed debate over Minnesota's hospitality to its corporate citizens. One frequent target of attack has been the state's personal income tax, which is among the highest in the U.S. Bowing to the criticism, including intense lobbying by a group of 50 chief executive officers known as the Minnesota Business Partnership, state lawmakers in April repealed an income tax surcharge that had helped to turn an estimated \$652 million 1982 budget deficit into a \$900 million surplus.

To Governor Perpich, that repeal is one sign of his state's eagerness to promote business. Not only will Minnesota remain a fertile breeding ground for new ventures, he asserts, but it will soon start attracting firms from other states. "We're working together now," says he. "Companies are going to come here. I see that clearly." —By John Greenwald. Reported by L. Madeleine Nash/Minneapolis

T-U-R-B-O



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A spirited 1.8 liter fuel-injected, Turbo-powered engine with 2 spark plugs per cylinder delivers responsive performance. Nissan's 200 SX Turbo attacks curves with independent rear suspension, stabilizer bars front and rear, radials and power rack-and-pinion steering.

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You've got it: 5-way adjustable driver's seat, full instrumentation, easy shifting 5-speed transmission, 6-speaker digital stereo, power windows and mirrors, even a vocal-warning system. It's a standard package that could cost you thousands extra on other cars.

NISSAN QUALITY.

The newest anti-rust protection techniques and a quality inspection system second to none means your 200 SX is built to last.

SHARE THE THRILL.

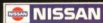
Ask your Datsun dealer for a test drive in the exciting new 200 SX Turbo. You'll agree this car is Major Motion in a hurry!

AT YOUR DATSUN DEALER.

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE

200 SX

MAJOR MOTION
FROM NISSAN



Business Notes

FOREIGN VENTURES

China Signs a Puff Pact

It is a cigarette manufacturer's dream: a market where the laws do not require harsh health warnings on package labels or no-smoking sections in restaurants, and where 250 million people each puff an average of half a pack a day.

For R.J. Reynolds Tobacco, the dream has come true in an agreement signed last week in Peking. The pact calls for Reynolds and China to contribute \$10 million each to set up a joint venture that will build a factory in the southern Chinese city of Xiamen and produce the first Sino-American cigarette. The new brand, as yet unnamed, will be a blend of American and Chinese tobaccos. Lester Pullen, president of Reynolds' international tobacco division, admitted that the cigarette must be good to satisfy Chinese smokers. Said he: "In their tastes, the Chinese are comparable to Europeans, especially the British."

Reynolds and Chinese officials are exploring a possible future deal involving one of the company's other products: Kentucky Fried Chicken. For Reynolds executives, that prospect conjures up another dream, in which 1 billion Chinese lick their fingers after sampling Colonel Sanders' spicy recipe.

GOVERNMENT

A New Lady for the Fed

When Martha Seger was Michigan's Financial Institutions bureau commissioner in 1981 and 1982, a state senator said she was sometimes "pimping for the bankers." In reply, Seger later quipped, "The whores in the legislature are on such long-term contracts that they do not need pimps." With that spirit and wit, she should be able to stand the heat in her next job. Last week President Reagan nominated Seger, a professor of finance at Central Michigan University known for her free-market philosophy, to the seven-member Federal Reserve Board.

If approved by the Senate, Seger, 52, will replace Nancy Teeters, whose term ended in January, and become the second woman to sit on the board that sets U.S. monetary policy. The Administration, which has criticized the Federal Reserve for keeping interest rates high, hopes that the lanky Seger (6 ft. 1 in.) will be a strong ally. Says a senior Treasury official: "With high heels on, she may even be able to stand up to Fed Chairman Paul Volcker."

BOX OFFICE

Indiana Jones Whips a Record

When it comes to breaking box-office records, George Lucas and Steven Spielberg have no one left to beat but themselves. The two film makers have had a hand in the six biggest-grossing pictures of all time (*E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*, *Star Wars*, *Return of the Jedi*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Jaws* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*). Last week the dominant duo shattered some earnings records again with *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, directed by Spielberg and co-produced by Lucas. The new film sold \$45.7 million worth of tickets during its first week in theaters, compared with \$45.3 million for the previous record holder, Lucas' 1983 *Star Wars* sequel, *Return of the Jedi*. *Indiana Jones* beat the single-day record as well, earning \$9.3 million, compared with \$8.4 million for *Jedi*.

Part of the reason the new movie did so well was the number of screens on which it opened. *Indiana Jones* played in 1,685 theaters, compared with *Jedi*'s initial 1,002. Although it is off to a roaring start, *Indiana Jones* will need plenty of endurance to earn more than the most successful film of all time, Spielberg's *E.T.*, which has made an extraordinary \$621 million.

AVIATION

More Bad News for Belfast

The British government is learning to beware of Americans bearing jobs. First, John De Lorean's sports-car venture went bankrupt in 1982, taking with it 2,600 Belfast jobs and \$156 million in British financing. Now, development of the Lear Fan 2100 turboprop corporate plane has stalled, after burning up as much as \$80 million in British aid. More than 90% of the 365 workers at the main Lear plant near Belfast got the news last week that they would be laid off July 1. Reason: the developers are low on cash and more than a year behind schedule in gaining certification for the plane from the U.S. Federal Aviation Administration.

Conceived by William Lear, who designed the successful Learjet, the fuel-efficient 2100 is made of so-called composite materials that are lighter than the aluminum in standard aircraft. After Lear's death in 1978, his widow Moya tried to finish the plane, but financial troubles forced her to give up control to a group of investors led by Denver Oilman Bob Burch. He expects an FAA go-ahead by February and hopes to rehire the workers. But Belfast is bedeviled by doubts about whether the Lear Fan will ever be airborne.



Moya Lear and the troubled 2100

TAKEOVERS

Is Steinberg the Big Bad Wolf?

New York Financier Saul Steinberg, 44, has compiled a fearsome record as a corporate raider. So when he acquired 12.2% of Walt Disney Productions, the movie and amusement-park company appeared to be in danger. But Wall Streeters are now saying that Steinberg's battle plan looks like so much huffing and puffing. Though he has said he may buy nearly 50% of Disney stock, Steinberg's search for other investors to go in with him has so far been fruitless. Also, his fight to unseat Disney's board of directors looks doomed.

Last week Steinberg hit his biggest obstacle to date. A U.S. judge refused to prevent Disney from buying Arvida Corp., a land-development firm, for up to 3.8 million Disney shares. Steinberg had sued to block the deal, saying that Disney paid too much for Arvida in an attempt to stop a takeover. If the sale occurs, about 25% of Disney stock will be in the hands of shareholders friendly to management, hurting Steinberg's plan to gain control.



Goofy and friends: safe for now



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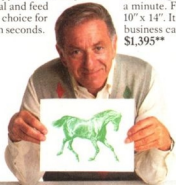
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TIME 06/1/84

It brings an untold burden of suffering, sending more Americans in search of a cure than any other malady. The sharp edge or the dull throb of pain, whether springing from arthritis, migraine or from unknown causes, disables more people than either cancer or heart disease. Yet its origins remain largely unexplored territory. Only now are researchers responding to the need for special treatment of both mind and body when patients complain, "Doctor, it hurts."

► Blaine Anderson's migraine headaches began last September, and suddenly she found herself gripped by viselike pain. Desperate, she tried everything from codeine to psychic counseling. Relief finally came in the form of a drug developed for heart patients. ◀

Medicine

COVER STORY

Unlocking Pain's Secrets

The question for doctors: How do you spell relief?

The alarm rings at 7, and she reaches for the pillbox. It is the first act of her day. Her suffering, like the box itself, is divided into four spaces, each with its allotment of pink, white, brown and blue pills. "The pain is always there," she says: "there are just different levels of it." First there is the "daily, hard, getting-around pain." This constant pain of rheumatoid arthritis has been with Maureen Hemmis, 37, since she was 18 years old. Then there is the variable pain: spots of acute, stabbing sensations that change location each day. Worst of all are the arthritic flare-ups when each joint rages and burns, hot to the touch. "The pain is everywhere. You can't be moved or touched. It's very much like being on fire."

In one way or another, we have all felt it. If it were a color, we would say it comes in a thousand shades, from vivid reds to somber browns. There is the quick, flashing smart of a finger scorched by a flame or the grinding torment of the dentist's drill striking close to a nerve. We all know the dull throb of a stubbed toe that sends us hippity-hopping from foot to foot in search of distraction. And many have felt the pain that cuts deeper: the gut-clutching agony that we awaken to after surgery.

Though familiar to us all, pain is mercifully difficult to remember once it has passed (if it were not, it has been observed, every family would have but one



“ It was like a very tight cap.
It felt like my body was under siege. ”

child). Doctors refer to the short-lived suffering of childbirth or surgery or even a toothache as "acute pain"; it is terrible at the time, but ultimately it passes. For untold millions, however, pain does not pass. It sings on through the night, month after month, overwhelming sleep, stifling pleasure, shrinking experience, until there is nothing but pain. This is chronic pain, and its sufferers are legion: there are more than 36 million arthritics in the U.S.; there are 70 million with agonizing back pain; about 20 million who suffer from blinding migraines; millions more who are racked by diseases like sciatica and gout. Most feared of all, the pain associated with cancer afflicts some 800,000 Americans and 18 million people worldwide.

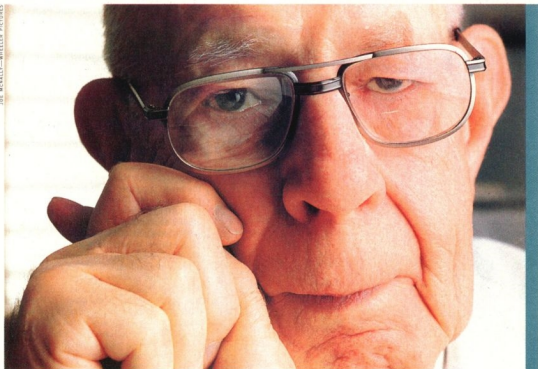
All told, nearly one-third of the American population have persistent or recurrent chronic pain, according to Seattle Anesthesiologist John Bonica, founder of the International Association for the Study of Pain and a world-renowned leader in pain research. Of these, he estimates, one-half to two-thirds are partly or totally disabled for periods of days, weeks or months, or for life. "Chronic pain disables more people than cancer or heart disease," says Bonica, "and it costs the American people more money than both." His estimate: \$70 billion a year in medical costs, lost working days and compensation. The human cost, of course, cannot be measured. Shingles Sufferer

Mark Metcalf, 35, of Berkeley, Calif., endured weeks of pain that "felt like I had a hot iron held against the side of my neck," and he found himself "considering suicide as a rational alternative." Every year a number of the chronically suffering make that choice. Pain, said Albert Schweitzer, "is a more terrible lord of mankind than even death himself."

It is the single most common reason for seeing a doctor. It is the No. 1 reason people take medication. And yet for a variety of reasons, medical science is ill equipped to deal with pain. While the 20th century has brought remarkable advances in the treatment and in some cases the elimination of disease, doctors' understanding of pain is just beginning to emerge from the dark ages. "Pain is the weak link in modern medicine," says Dr. Josef Wang, director of the pain center at the Mayo Clinic. To begin with, medical students receive only the scantest introduction to the subject. A 1983 survey by Bonica of 17 standard textbooks on surgery, medicine and cancer found that only 54 pages out of a total of 22,000 provided information about pain; half of the books did not discuss it at all. Part of the problem is that there are relatively few known facts to discuss. Pain research is an orphan field that neither anesthesiology, neurology nor psychiatry can entirely claim as its own. As a result, research has been neglected and underfunded. The

National Cancer Institute, for instance, spends little more than one-fifth of 1% of its \$1.08 billion budget on pain research, even though the dread of terminal-cancer pain has become a national phobia.

The little that is known about pain and how to treat it is often misunderstood or ignored by physicians. A 1973 study by Psychiatrists Richard Marks and Edward Sachar of New York City's Montefiore Hospital found that nearly 75% of hospitalized patients receiving narcotics for moderate to severe pain failed to be relieved by the drugs. A review of their charts showed why. The dosages prescribed by their doctors were 25% to 50% less than what was needed to relieve severe pain. Records showed that nurses had further reduced these dosages substantially. The result: some patients were receiving less than a quarter of the pain medication they needed. According to the study, the problem was largely due to ignorance: most staff physicians simply overestimated the efficacy and duration of painkillers. They also overestimated the risks of narcotics, worrying excessively about the possibility of respiratory problems and addiction. "We've become a nation obsessed with drug addiction," says Bonica, "and this has led to a serious problem with underdosing." Congress is considering legisla-



► For 16 years, Dr. Mat Bonome, 81, suffered from the excruciating facial pain of trigeminal neuralgia. Doctors despaired, until advanced surgery finally ended his suffering. He awoke in the hospital, he recalls, and suddenly there was no more pain. ◀

“ It was severe and disabling. I couldn't think, I didn't feel myself. ”

Medicine

tion to legalize the use of heroin to ease suffering by terminal-cancer patients (see box).

The twelve-year-old boy's sweet smile makes a poignant contrast to his otherwise pitiful appearance. His arms and legs are deformed and bent, as though he had suffered from rickets. Several fingers are missing. A large open wound covers one knee, and the smiling lips are bitten raw. He looks for all the world like a battered child, but only nature is to blame for his condition. He was born with an extremely rare genetic defect that makes him insensitive to pain. His fingers were either crushed or burned because he did not pull his hand away from things that were hot or dangerous. His bones and joints are misshapen because he pounded them too hard when he walked or ran. His knee had ulcerated from crawling over sharp objects that he could not feel. Should he break a bone or dislocate a hip, he would not feel enough to cry out for help.

Pain is the body's alarm system. It alerts us to the fact that something is harming us. It compels us to seek help when we need it. It immobilizes us when we are injured so that healing can occur. Pain has an evolutionary importance, says Anatomist Allan Basbaum, of the University of California, San Francisco. "Not to have pain at all is a disaster." But

when the pain alarm fails to shut off, it ceases to serve a useful function. "Uncontrolled pain," Basbaum notes, "is also a disaster." In fact, it can do serious harm. The acute pain that follows surgery can, for example, sometimes interfere with a patient's ability to breathe, as well as contribute to nausea and add to the strain on the heart. Chronic pain often leads to an endless cycle of anxiety, depression, loss of appetite, profound fatigue and sleeplessness, all of which make the pain seem worse. Says Neurologist Kathleen Foley, president of the American Pain Society: "Chronic pain destroys lives."

Thelma Beauregard is a gray-haired, pleasant-faced woman of 67, who awoke one night four years ago at her home in Plymouth, Mass., with tingling and burning sensations running from her left elbow to her hand and down into her fingers. From then on, the slightest touch triggered sharp pain. Tests showed that Beauregard's ulnar nerve had been damaged at her left elbow. Her right elbow showed the same damage, although for some unknown reason she felt pain only on the left side. She has had three operations on the recalcitrant nerve, but at most these provided only a few months of respite. She has tried acupuncture, hypnosis, narcotics, electrical stimulation, antidepressants, heat therapy, ice-water therapy, all to no avail. Four years of suffering have conditioned her to

cradle the stinging limb against her body as though an invisible sling were holding it in place. The left hand has been used so frequently that the muscles have visibly wasted away. Although the nails are beautifully manicured, the skin on her hand paper dry. Daubing on lotion simply hurts too much. She looks weary. It is hard to sleep, she says, when "you feel as if you have a knife slicing into you."

Pain like Beauregard's is still something of a mystery to doctors. What caused it? Why did it arrive one night without warning? Why will it not go away? According to Neurologist Howard Fields of U.C.S.F., there is intriguing evidence that in many cases when pain persists for several months, changes of a relatively permanent nature occur in the nervous system, so that even if the original cause of the pain is removed, the sensation of pain continues. "We don't have any idea how that comes about," he says. Trying to reverse the changes, he observes, "may be something like trying to purge memory."

In simpler times, suffering like Beauregard's would have been attributed to evil influences. While early man has no trouble comprehending acute pain caused by injury, chronic pain was relegated to the occult realm of medicine men, sorcerers and shamans. Ancient Egyptians believed that chronic pain was caused by spirits, gods and the dead, but by the 16th century B.C. they had discovered a corporeal way to treat it. Opium was recommended as an analgesic in the *Ebers Papyrus*, an early reference work listing nearly a thousand prescriptions used in the times of the Pharaoh Amenhotep. Egyptians and some Eastern cultures believed that the physical locus of pain was the heart. This was debated among the ancient Greeks, until philosophers like Democritus and Plato concluded correctly that the pain-perception center is the brain. Greek scientists found support for this theory by discovering that the brain is connected to a network of two types of nerve fibers, one set controlling motion, the other, sensation. This knowledge was lost in the Middle Ages, and superstition again took hold. Only when the books against dissection were lifted during the Renaissance did thinkers like Leonardo da Vinci once again understand pain in terms of the nervous system.

Most refinements of this understanding have come about in the past 20 years. Today scientists have a fair idea of what happens physiologically when, for example, the big toe collides with a large, solid object. Not surprisingly, the pain message originates at the point of contact (see diagram). It begins with the release of a number of potent chemicals that are normally stored in or near nerve endings for use on just such clumsy occasions. Among the chemicals are the mysterious substance (for pain), prostaglandins and bradykinin

► The joint-stiffening despair of rheumatoid arthritis has been with Maureen Hemmis for nearly 20 years. Just getting out of bed in the morning is an effort, and when the pain is at its height, every joint rages, swells and burns, hot to the touch. ◀



“ The pain is everywhere. It's very much like being on fire. ”



Vicki and Bill Peters on their 2nd visit to Bermuda.

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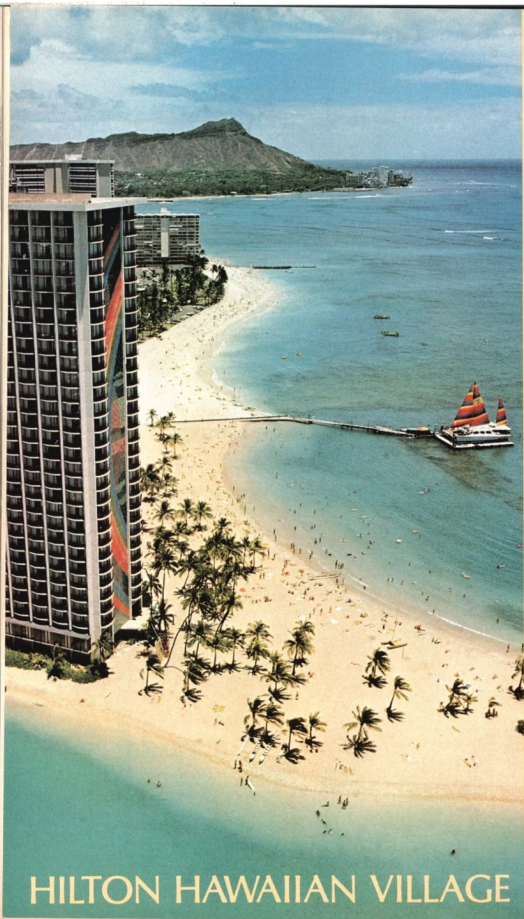
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probably the most painful substance known to man—just a tiny amount inserted under the skin with a needle causes excruciating pain. These substances sensitize the nerve endings and help transmit the pain message from the injured region to the brain. Prostaglandins also increase circulation to the damaged area, causing the swelling and redness known as inflammation. The purpose of this is to attract infection-fighting blood cells that will ward off any invading bacteria. Since the days of Hippocrates, doctors have been relieving pain with salicylic acid, a precursor to aspirin that was derived from willow bark, but only in the past 15 years have they understood that it works by inhibiting the production of prostaglandins. Tylenol (the most common brand of acetaminophen) works much the same way, as do popular prescription analgesics like Clinoril (sulindac), Motrin (ibuprofen) and Dolobid (diflunisal), often used to relieve arthritis and severe menstrual cramps.

The pain signal from the stubbing of the toe travels as an electrochemical impulse along the length of the nerve to the dorsal horn of the spinal cord, a region that runs the length of the spine and receives signals from all over the body. In a tall person, the distance from toe to dorsal horn may be more than one meter, and it can take about two seconds for the message to arrive. From there, it is relayed in a bewildering flurry of chemical messages to the brain, first to the thalamus, where sensations like heat, cold, pain and touch first become conscious. Then on to the cerebral cortex, where the intensity and location of pain are recognized. This final stretch of the pathway is the great terra incognita in pain research. Says Fields: "We can't put an electrode into the consciousness." In any case, it is the cortex that coordinates such highly sophisticated responses to pain as screaming "Ouch!" and rubbing the sore toe.

Toe rubbing, it seems, has its purpose, and one can get considerable relief by massaging or patting a sore area, just as one can relieve itching by scratching or slapping. In 1965 two researchers, Patrick Wall and Ronald Melzack, devised a brilliant theory to explain this effect: the gate-control theory of pain. According to them, only a limited amount of sensory information can be processed by the nervous system at any given moment. When too much information is sent through, certain cells in the spinal column interrupt the signal, as if closing a gate. Thus, it is reasoned, pain can be prevented from getting through the gate when there is competition from other sensations, like toe rubbing. The theory served as the basis for a now widely used analgesic therapy known as transcutaneous electrical nerve stimulation, or TENS. Electrodes are attached to the skin above a painful area, and a mild current is generated to compete with the pain signals. The stimulation of acupuncture needles is also believed to work, in part, by shutting the pain gate.

The gate-control theory, which has

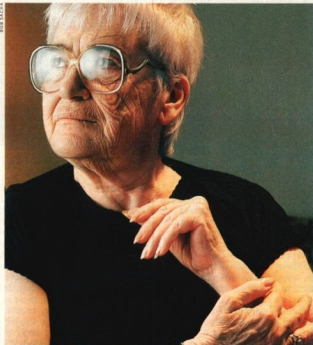
given rise to much new research, has been useful in explaining some of the puzzling psychological aspects of pain. Take for instance the familiar wartime phenomenon of a soldier so immersed in the heat of battle that he does not feel the mine going off beneath his foot. Or the football player so absorbed in making a play that he does not realize he has dislocated a shoulder until the game is over. Neurosurgeon Charles Poletti, of Massachusetts General Hospital, has his own favorite example. As a youth, fresh from the innocence of an all-boys boarding school, Poletti discovered the pleasures of necking with a Wellesley girl one wintry night. Only when he got up off the icy wall where they had been sitting did he feel an excruciating pain in his rump. "I was almost frost-bitten," he says. "We must have been sitting there for 45 minutes, and I didn't feel a thing. Something in my system was suppressing that pain."

About ten years ago, scientists in Scotland discovered what that something might be. Building on the work of American and Swedish researchers, University of Aberdeen Pharmacologists John Hughes and Hans Kosterlitz isolated powerful pain-blocking chemicals that occur naturally in the brain and spinal cord. The substances, called endorphins, switch off the pain alarm, rather like a key fitting into a lock. The locks are receptors on the surface of nerve cells. Opiate drugs like morphine and heroin

also fit these locks, activating the body's pain-relief system. "All these years people had been using an extract of the poppy for pain relief," muses Fields. "Finally we have a plausible explanation for how it works."

The endorphin system is just one mechanism that can shut the gate to pain. Since the first endorphin was discovered in 1975, several types of natural opiates have been identified, along with other nonopiates produced in the body that can alter the pain message. Some of these chemicals, called neurotransmitters, not only are associated with pain but are also involved in emotional responses like depression. Doctors have learned that drugs developed to treat depression can also be used, in small doses, as analgesics. Ronald Dubner, of the National Institutes of Health, who spends most of his time trying to unravel the chemistry of pain and analgesia, has come to appreciate the fact that "pain is a complex experience that involves emotions, previous experiences with pain, and what the pain means to us at any given time." In short, the borderline between the physiology and psychology of pain is a blurry one.

He was a raw recruit from Parris Island, taking a beachhead in the Pacific. He was scared to death. Heavy enemy fire was killing his buddies all around him. When a shell burst near by, he felt an excruciating pain and the sensation of blood pouring down his leg. There was a call for a



► Thelma Beaugard's left arm, too sensitive to use or even touch, is cradled against her body, as if held in place by an invisible sling. For four years she has suffered in this way because of a damaged nerve in her elbow. ◀

“ You feel as if you have a knife slicing into you. ”

corpman, and he was carried to a medical station, where doctors discovered he had indeed been hit—on his canteen. They sent him back out. More shells, more bombs. Suddenly, he felt a sharp pain in his head, hit the sand, rolled over and ran his hand across his forehead. Sure enough, there was blood. Again they carried him to the medical station. The doctor took some tweezers, picked out a few fragments of metal from

his face, slapped on some adhesive bandages and sent him back to fight once more. By then, almost his entire company had been wiped out. For the third time, a shell burst near him. It tore off his leg. He did not feel a thing.

The young G.I. who told this story to Dr. Raymond Houde some 40 years ago declared that the worst pain he had ever

felt was when his canteen got hit. The second worst: surface wounds on his face. "What pain signifies makes a big difference in how it is perceived," explains Houde, now chief of pain drug research at New York City's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. Fear, anxiety, stress, the expectation of disaster can make pain seem much worse than it is. For cancer patients, he explains, pain is often magnified

Heroin, a Doctors' Dilemma

Dear Committee:

Please do whatever you can to get heroin legalized for easing pain. As a nurse, I hear so many brave but torture-ridden people cry for relief from pain. So many patients just don't respond to morphine. Why must they scream and beg for relief?

To Whom It May Concern:

My husband has been in constant pain with cancer of the lung, which has spread to the bones, the spinal column and the brain. Perhaps some of the people who are opposed to giving heroin should have to watch a person suffering day after day. I have watched my husband die by inches.

The letters pour into the Washington office of Judith Quattlebaum, 49. Again and again they tell a story that is all

too familiar: the unremitting agony endured by a cancer patient, the frustrating sense of impotence felt by the family, and the apparent indifference of doctors seemingly more concerned about the latest advance in chemotherapy than about the comfort and dignity of their patient. Quattlebaum has been through it, having watched her grandmother slowly succumb to cancer. Seven years ago, she decided to act. Working out of her home, she organized the National Committee on the Treatment of Intractable Pain, now 6,000 members strong. Its mission: to win congressional approval for the use of heroin to relieve the pain of terminal-cancer patients.

Over the years, Quattlebaum's efforts have won considerable support in Congress, but several attempts to pass a heroin bill have been defeated. This year she is closer than ever. The Compassionate Pain Relief Act would authorize the use of heroin over a four-year evaluation period for hospitalized terminal cancer patients. It has been approved at the committee level in the House, and a companion bill has been introduced in the Senate. The bills have the support of such diverse political leaders as conservative Republican Barry Goldwater of Arizona and liberal Democrat Henry Waxman of California.

By and large, supporters have been persuaded by Quattlebaum's argument that heroin, which has been prohibited for use by U.S. doctors since 1956, is in many ways superior to morphine, the injectable narcotic most widely prescribed for cancer pain. According to Quattlebaum, heroin is faster acting because it is more soluble: "You can use half a cc of heroin, when you may have to use 20 times as much morphine." This is especially important in treating patients who are so emaciated that there is little muscle left in which to inject a drug, making a large shot extremely painful. Quattlebaum

also suggests that heroin might prove helpful to those who are bothered by the side effects of morphine, which include nightmares, nausea, constipation and hallucinations. Finally, Quattlebaum points to the experience in countries like Britain, where heroin is available as an analgesic. "Where doctors have a choice," she insists, "both patients and doctors prefer heroin."

But many authorities disagree with Quattlebaum's views. The heroin bill is opposed by the American Medical Association, the American Hospital Association, the Reagan Administration and numerous medical experts on pain. One reason, and a factor in the past defeat of such legislation, is fear that medicinal heroin will find its way from the hospital to the street. But the larger question is whether patients will really benefit from the drug. "The evidence would suggest that heroin is the great non-issue of our day," says Kathleen Foley, chief of the pain service at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City. Foley, who has testified

against the bill, challenges many of Quattlebaum's claims. While heroin is more soluble than morphine, she says, it is somewhat less potent than Dilaudid, a synthetic opiate already on the U.S. market. Nor is heroin likely to benefit patients who are allergic to morphine or are bothered by its side effects: new research by Cornell Pharmacologist Charles Inturrisi shows that once heroin enters the body, it is rapidly converted into morphine.

Perhaps most disturbing to many pain researchers is the prospect of large amounts of federal money going toward the preparation of heroin for medicinal use. "If the money and heat generated on the heroin bill were spent on developing new drugs and educating doctors on how to use the drugs we already have, patients would be a lot better off," insists Dr. Michael Levy, director of palliative care at the Fox Chase Cancer Center in Philadelphia. This view is shared by Dame Cicely Saunders, the English founder of the hospice movement, which popularized the use of heroin in Britain to relieve dying patients. The controversy over heroin, she says, is focusing attention away from the main issue, which is "the need to improve the general standard of care." In particular, she says, there is a need to ensure that a misplaced concern about addiction does not prevent doctors from prescribing large enough doses of opiates to relieve patients with advanced cancer.

Despite these arguments, some members of the medical community believe that heroin deserves the four-year trial proposed in the bill even if it helps only a handful of people. "We don't know if one patient in 10,000 will benefit," says Pharmacologist William Beaver, of Georgetown University, "but we ought to find out."

—By Claudia Wallis.

Reported by Patricia Delaney/Washington and Ruth Mehrtens Galvin/ New York



Pain Relief Activist Judith Quattlebaum

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- A 115-pound woman wearing high heel shoes

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Medicine

because it is interpreted as "a signal of the disease having recurred, or some terrible complication setting in, or worse, that you are dying." Hope and encouragement can, on the other hand, make pain seem less than it is. During World War II, pioneer Pain Researcher Henry Beecher found that soldiers wounded during the bloody battle at Anzio needed far less morphine than did civilians with similar wounds. The presumed reason, now known as the "Anzio effect," was that for civilians the wounds were a source of anxiety; for soldiers they meant going home.

In many cases of chronic pain, the patient has something material or psychological to gain from suffering. Seattle Psychologist Bill Fordyce cites the case of a woman who developed lower-back pain when her physician-husband retired, perhaps so that he would still have someone to treat. Studies have shown that individuals with a pending lawsuit seeking compensation for injuries rarely get better until the suit is settled.

But when there is a powerful motivation to get well, pain can fade into the background. Dr. Jon Levine, of U.C.S.F., describes a woman whose hands and knees are swollen with arthritis but who continues to manage a San Francisco clothing store and has even run in the city's 7.6-mile "Bay-to-Breakers" road race. "I feel sure that she is experiencing the physiological impulses of pain," says Levine. "When you push her, she'll admit that there are certain things she tends not to do; for instance, she can't lift big bundles of clothing any more." But, he says, she refuses to use the word pain.

Some physicians are convinced that there are distinct characteristics that make some people more susceptible to chronic pain. Drs. David Richlin and Leonard Brand of Presbyterian Hospital in New York City list the following traits: low motivation, poor self-image, lack of pride in accomplishments, dependency on others.

Physicians have long known that if a patient is assured that he will recover and is treated with sympathy, his pain will often disappear. In the same way, a simple sugar pill, or placebo, prescribed in place of drugs, can have a curative effect. In fact, before the 20th century, when doctors relied on bleedings and all sorts of dubious nostrums, most of medicine was a type of placebo (Latin for "I will please").

Several studies have documented the efficacy of placebos. In 1955, Harvard Researcher Beecher found that sugar pills work one-third of the time in treating conditions ranging from headache and sea-

sickness to wound pain. Levine and Fields of U.C.S.F. have reported that a placebo was capable of mimicking the effect of four to six milligrams of morphine, a mild dose, in patients suffering the pain of tooth extractions. U.C.S.F. researchers have also shown that the placebo effect is partly due to the stimulation of the body's endorphin system. When the action of endorphins is inhibited (by using a powerful opiate-blocking agent), placebos may not work.

Unfortunately, the psychological element in chronic pain has often led physicians to dismiss their patients' complaints. Says Fields: "Many doctors and nurses believe that if a person responds to a placebo, the pain can't be very bad. This is a terrible mistake." Only about 5% of chronic pain patients are hypochondriacs or hysterics, according to Psychiatrist An-

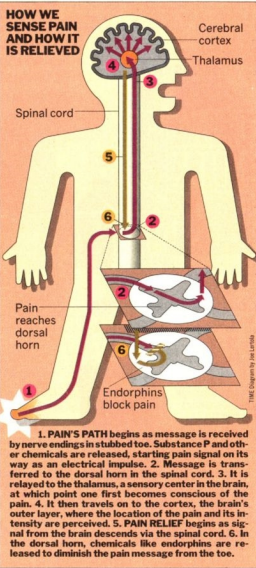
thony Bouckoms of Massachusetts General Hospital. "Pain itself is the reason people suffer; it is not psychopathology or pervers. And yet the most frequent question Bouckoms hears from pain patients is 'Tell me, doctor, is it all in my head?'"

She thought she had lifted something heavy for her during the family's move from South Carolina to New York. But months later, the pain was still getting worse. "Mama," her two children would say, "try to forget it." She went to two orthopedic surgeons and a rheumatologist. No one could find anything wrong. "If you get out and walk you'll feel so much better," her husband suggested. But she knew she was unable to. She began to believe she was making up pain. "You want to hide your face. Everybody gets tired of people being ill." After years, convinced that cancer was the only possible explanation, she persuaded a doctor to take a chest X ray. "The day when they found the whopper," she called recently before her death. "The pain had been real, and so was a large tumor in her lung."

People with chronic pain often wind up on a medical merry-go-round: psychiatrists tell them their problem appears to be physical; internists and surgeons tell them they ought to have their hands examined. Western doctors, trained to cure acute illness, are often frustrated by patients with vague pain that refuses to go away. So are families, who quickly tire of hearing complaints. Dejected, guilt-ridden and increasingly isolated, many pain patients eventually seek out outside standard medicine: herb treatments, chiropractic, faith healing and, too often, quackery. Says Fields of U.C.S.F.: "They go through the cracks."

Many of these people are now finding their way to multidisciplinary pain clinics, of which there are about 150 around the world. The idea of combining the skills of doctors in many disciplines to deal with pain was pioneered by Bonica at the University of Washington Medical Center's Clinical Pain Service in Seattle (see box). Treatment at a pain clinic begins with a thorough work-up, including physical, psychological, neurologic, orthopedic, radiologic and laboratory examinations. If a physical problem is detected—a tumor pressing on a nerve, a slipped disc—surgery or some other appropriate treatment will be recommended.

However, in general, pain clinics patients have less concrete cause for their suffering. For them, the first step often is to be weaned from whatever narcotics they have been taking for relief, substituting medicine if necessary and offering p-



1. PAIN'S PATH begins as message is received by nerve endings in stubbed toe. Substance P and other chemicals are released, starting pain signal on its way as an electrical impulse. 2. Message is transferred to the dorsal horn in the spinal cord. 3. It is relayed to the thalamus, a sensory center in the brain, at which point one first becomes conscious of the pain. 4. It then travels on to the cortex, the brain's outer layer, where the location of the pain and its intensity are perceived. 5. PAIN RELIEF begins as signal from the brain descends via the spinal cord. 6. In the dorsal horn, chemicals like endorphins are released to diminish the pain message from the toe.

chological counseling. Doctors tend to frown upon the use of narcotics and muscle relaxants like Valium because they may add to a pain sufferer's debilitation.

The first line of treatment is the "simple analgesics": usually aspirin and acetaminophen. Even cancer patients can sometimes find relief in a bottle of aspirin. A number of other nonnarcotic drugs have proved useful in treating specific kinds of pain. Migraine sufferer Blaine Anderson, 31, of San Francisco had tried everything from strong doses of codeine to psychic counseling to relieve pain "that felt like someone was tightening my head in a vise." She finally found relief with calcium channel blockers, originally developed for heart patients. Antidepressive drugs like the tricyclics are frequently recommended for shingles and chronic lower-back pain. Antiseizure medications like Dilantin, commonly used to treat epilepsy, can help calm the spasmlike facial pain of trigeminal neuralgia.

Physical therapies are helpful not only in relieving pain, but in helping patients get on with their lives despite it. Such treatments, including exercise, whirlpool and massage, are particularly useful for back pain, which is often compounded by muscular weakness. Before Maureen Brennan, 37, of Helena, Mont., arrived at the Seattle pain clinic for treatment of her back problem, she was confined to a wheelchair and was spending \$180 a week on narcotics, sleeping pills and antidepressants. An accident four years earlier had ruptured five discs in her spine. Seven operations had failed to relieve the pain, and her weight had dropped from 160 lbs. to 81. After Seattle's three-week program of intensive physical therapy and psychological counseling (at a cost of about \$10,000), Brennan was walking briskly down the hallways. "I have the same pain I came in with," she says, "but you're busy here. It's like working an eight-hour day." The hard work makes it easier for her to sleep, and Brennan plans to get a job for the first time since her accident. Observes Clinic Psychologist Fordyce: "People who have something better to do don't hurt as much."

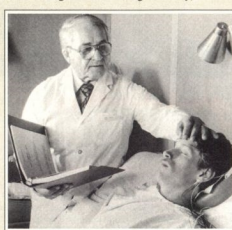
Hypnosis, biofeedback and TENS stimulation, once considered "fringe" methods of treatment, have earned respectable places in the pain clinic arsenal. Acupuncture, which tends to give only temporary analgesia, has a smaller following. According to Bonica, TENS provides significant short-term relief for 65% to 80% of patients and long-term relief for 30% to 35%. The electrical stimulating devices are widely available at costs ranging from \$60 to \$400. Biofeedback, in which electronic devices are used to teach patients to relieve tension, has proved helpful for a number of ailments, including one of the most perplexing problems in medicine: phantom limb pain, the often agonizing sensations that amputees "feel" in missing limbs. Psychophysicist Richard Sherman, of Dwight David Eisenhower Army Medical Center in Fort Gordon, Ga., has

Pain Relief's Founding Father

He uses an aluminum wrist cane to walk across the expansive living room of his Mercer Island, Wash., home. He walks surprisingly quickly, despite the arthritis and 22 operations that have left his leg 1½ in. shorter than his right. He cannot stand for more than seven minutes at a time without great pain. Says Dr. John Bonica, 67, onetime professional wrestler and a prime mover in establishing the study of pain as a science: "If I wasn't as busy as I am, I would be a completely disabled guy."

Those millions of Americans who suffer from chronic pain have cause to be thankful for Bonica's tenacity. He has helped make much of the medical profession aware of both the compassion and the specialized approach needed to deal with the agony of pain. Twenty-three years ago he helped found the University of Washington Medical Center's Clinical Pain Service, in Seattle, which has become a model for similar clinics across the country. Here, sufferers from chronic pain can be examined by medical specialists in a variety of fields, from orthopedics to psychiatry, in an attempt to isolate the often mysterious causes of a patient's constant agony.

Bonica's grizzled features and no-nonsense bedside manner belie the depth of his feeling for the suffering. Recently, when talking of treating a woman in



Bonica at work: "I've seen patients, and I've cried"

Saudi Arabia whose face had literally been eaten away by cancer, his eyes began welling with tears. He spoke of reading her hospital chart and realizing that she had been enduring needless suffering because her doctors had given her inadequate doses of pain-killing drugs. "I've seen patients and I've cried," he admits. "It stresses me emotionally to see a patient in severe pain who could be relieved and is not." And yet, according to his associates, Bonica never discusses his own pain. Says Bill Fordyce, a psychologist at the Seattle clinic: "He's a tough old son of a gun."

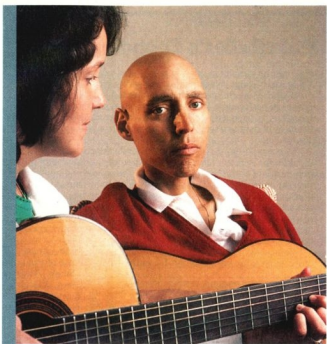
The need for a radical new approach to the treatment of pain became obvious to Bonica while serving as chief of anesthesiology at Fort Lewis, near Tacoma, during World War II. Traditionally, pain therapy had not been regarded as an area for specialists, and the treatment of choice was drugs, usually morphine. But combat produced a record number of patients with severe trauma. The war in the Pacific alone regularly filled the 7,700 beds at the military hospital at Fort Lewis with troops enduring amputations, nerve injuries and multiple fractures. Bonica became responsible for finding ways of alleviating their suffering.

Desperate for answers, he began consulting with other doctors: internists, neurosurgeons and, for some cases, dentists. He recalls: "There was no one else in the area doing pain work. I realized I didn't know anything about pain. There was little information available, and that was scattered throughout the medical literature." Out of Bonica's experiences with the wounded came his theory that the treatment of pain must borrow from a number of medical specialties.

Bonica is now semiretired, but he still writes and lectures. A singular contribution continues to be his personal example that a normal existence is possible despite the constant presence of pain. Although he has had eleven operations to correct arthritic deformities in his hips, he scuba-dives, both in Hawaii and off the coast of Filicudi, the small island near Sicily where he was born. His only concession to infirmity is that he no longer water-skis daily. And the days when he worked his way through the New York University School of Medicine as Johnny Bull Walker, professional wrestler, are but a distant memory. To his many colleagues and former patients he is still a vital presence. So much so that every year the University of Washington School of Medicine holds a John Bonica night. Says Dr. John Loeser, the director of the Seattle clinic: "Two hundred people come from all over simply to have dinner with John."

—By Dick Thompson/Seattle

► At the age of 28, Charles Lanning was facing cancer for the second time in his life. He was gripped by tension until Lucanne Bailey, a music therapist, showed him the calming influence of melody. For Charles, peace has come through the strings of his guitar. ◀



“ You have to be able to take your mind off pain. I can lose myself in the music. ”

found that the pain, which afflicts about 80% of amputees at one time or another, is sometimes due to muscle spasms in the stump. When Sherman teaches patients to relax the affected muscles through biofeedback training, the sensations in the phantom limb usually disappear.

For cancer patients, more drastic measures are often needed. According to Kathleen Foley, chief of the pain service at Sloan-Kettering, only about one-third of cancer patients suffer severe pain. With these, the tumor is the cause in 65% of patients, either because it impinges on nerves or because it releases chemicals that affect the nervous system. An additional 30% have pain resulting from the treatment (for example, chemotherapy). Cancer of the pancreas and of bones can be particularly painful because of the sensitive nerves in or near these organs. In the vast majority of cases, cancer pain can be alleviated with drug therapy, including narcotics like morphine or methadone. These may be administered by mouth, by injection into the muscle or directly into the spine via surgically implanted catheters. An implantable morphine pump that provides a continuous infusion of the drug is being tested for use by cancer patients. Unfortunately, patients may develop tolerance to narcotics, and their doctors often fail to provide high enough doses to keep pain at bay.

Surgery is the last recourse of the pain patient. "I spend an awful lot of my time telling people not to have it," says Neurosurgeon Poletti of Massachusetts General

Hospital. Although operations to destroy nerves can provide immediate relief, the benefits rarely last more than six months to a year and may be followed by intense, burning pain that is worse than the original complaint. Surgery is often reserved for terminal-cancer patients. For such patients, neurosurgeons have devised delicate operations to cut nerves causing local pain, and even to sever nerve tracts in the spinal cord and brain. In some instances, rather than destroy nerve tissue, doctors can implant electrodes into the spinal cord or brain. The patient can then use an external transmitter to stimulate nerves directly when he feels pain.

Surgery may also be appropriate in cases of the severe facial pain known as trigeminal neuralgia, or tic douloureux. For 16 years, Dr. Mat Boname, 81, of Oxford, N.Y., suffered this excruciating pain, despite the efforts of five doctors. Finally, a delicate operation in which electrically induced heat was used to destroy a facial nerve brought relief. The effect was immediate, he says: "When I came up from the operating room, I had no pain at all."

As the understanding of the pain pathways improves, researchers have great hopes of discovering better methods of analgesia. The search is on for a narcotic that works on the body's opiate receptors without provoking the side effects of morphine. Meptazinol, a drug developed in Britain by Wyeth Laboratories, may be a good candidate. "I think this could be the first in a new generation of opiates,"

says Sloan-Kettering Neurologist Gavril Pasternak. Scientists elsewhere are experimenting with drugs that activate the body's nonopiate painkilling systems. Such drugs are needed by patients with diseases like shingles, which does not respond to opiates. Levine at U.C.S.F. is enthusiastic about the analgesic properties of the chili pepper, which, like oil of cloves and ginger, contains a substance that causes sensory nerves to release substance P. Though this causes a burning sensation at first, repeated application produces numbness. Levine believes that capsaicin may eventually prove useful in treating arthritis.

Pain Pioneer Bonica believes that drugs are not the entire answer, and he envisions a day when people will look to their own innate mental powers to relieve suffering. Says he: "I don't think it takes too much scientific license to say that we will discover mental activities that can produce specific analgesia. In ten or 15 years, perhaps we can begin to teach people to control their own pain." The mystical swamis of India have long used what Bonica suspects is "a form of self-hypnosis" to recline peacefully on a bed of nails.

An inner peace can also be induced by music. Lucanne Bailey, who is a music therapist, is using melody and harmony to relieve the suffering of cancer patients at Sloan-Kettering.

Perhaps the only thing worse than having cancer is having it again. As a boy of ten, Charles Lanning fought and won a long, hard battle against Hodgkin's disease. He was free of the disease for years and was beginning to establish himself as a graphics designer in Alaska when, on the eve of his 28th birthday, he learned that he would again have to fight for his life: he had developed another, unrelated form of lymphoma that would prove even more difficult to treat. He returned to Sloan-Kettering six months ago for treatment. When Lucanne Bailey found him, he was in considerable pain, particularly in his back. Says Bailey: "He was very tense and guarded about his feelings, very bottled up." She offered to play him music and asked him to choose the songs, hoping "to give him a greater sense of control in charge. He was missing a sense of control in his life and over his disease." Lanning appeared to select songs that reflected his feelings. One favorite: Mr. Bojangles, a song Bailey describes as "sorrowful, about a lonely man, in and out of jail, who loves to dance and drinks a bit." Seeing that the music seemed to comfort her husband, Lanning's wife Tammy bought him a guitar, which he began to play for the first time in years. "In spite of all the medication, you have to be able to take your mind off pain and on to other things," Lanning told his mother. "I can lose myself in the music." He has continued his playing at home, and has begun to sing with his wife. At a time when she is doing so much for him, Bailey observes, "it is a way for him to give something to her." —By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Ruth Mehrkens Galvin/New York and Dick Thompson/San Francisco

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Science

A Shot in the Arm for Itching

A vaccine for chickenpox could be available by 1986

Measles, mumps, rubella, whooping cough, diphtheria, polio. One by one in this century the scourges of youth have fallen before the marvel of vaccines. But there has been no similar victory against the last of childhood's common infectious diseases: chickenpox, or as it is known medically, varicella. According to the U.S. Centers for Disease Control, the virus-caused illness strikes about 3 million youngsters each year, approximately as many children as there are babies born. About 85% of all U.S. children have had a bout with the maddeningly itchy, highly contagious disease by age ten.

Relief is now in sight. Researchers at the University of Pennsylvania announced last week that early trials with a vaccine showed it was safe and 100%

effective in warding off the disease in children. If the promising findings hold up, predicts Pediatrician Robert Weibel, who directed the study, "I do foresee this being used on all children as a routine immunization." Merck Sharp & Dohme Research Laboratories, which is producing the vaccine, hopes to have Food and Drug Administration approval in time for inoculation for the 1986-87 winter season.

Why has the vaccine been so long in coming? Until quite recently, researchers had felt no particular urgency for immunization. The disease had long been regarded as a benign malady, and although it tends to hit adults more severely than children, most people seemed to suffer through the rash, high fever, sore throat and painful joints without ill effect. But increasingly, doctors have realized that varicella contains a variety of hidden threats. Among them: bacterial infections of the skin, pneumonia, encephalitis and the severe brain disorder known as Reye's syndrome. It can also be life-threatening to children taking immunosuppressing anticancer drugs. According to Government estimates, chickenpox-related illness leads to 100 deaths and 4,500 hospitalizations every year.

The trial of the new vaccine, reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, involved 914 healthy youngsters ranging in age from one to 14; 468 were injected with the vaccine, while the rest received a placebo. Neither the researchers nor the children's families knew which drug was given. Nine

months later, 39 of the youngsters who had received dummy shots had developed chickenpox. But no vaccinated child caught the disease. A few children getting the vaccine had pain, swelling and redness at the injection site and chickenpox-like rashes, but there were no long-lasting or serious adverse effects. The experimental vaccine was developed from a strain of varicella virus isolated in 1974 in Japan by Dr. Michiaki Takahashi. Researchers used a live but weakened form of the virus to trigger the body's immunological system into producing antibodies against the disease. The idea, explains Weibel, is "to induce immunity without inducing clinical disease."

The importance of a successful varicella vaccine goes beyond protecting children. Even those who recover uneventfully can be painfully reminded of the disease in adulthood by shingles. The chickenpox virus is a member of the herpes family of viruses that can lie dormant along nerves for decades and be suddenly reactivated, possibly by stress or injury. Says Virologist Stanley Plotkin of the University of Pennsylvania: "Shingles causes severe, insane pain in one in 10,000 Americans a year."

Some researchers are concerned that the vaccine's altered virus might actually promote the development of shingles. Another great worry is cancer. Viruses are a suspected cause, and another member of the herpes family, the simplex virus, is under suspicion, says Plotkin, "though proof is far from complete." Dr. Kenneth McIntosh, a pediatrician at the Infectious Disease Laboratory of Boston's Children's Hospital, warns that before the Merck vaccine can be put to widespread use, "more years" of research are necessary to resolve such questions. Researchers also need to know how long the immunity to chickenpox will last.

To young children, wary of getting yet another shot, the news of the vaccine may not be welcome. But Merck says not to worry. It hopes to combine the chickenpox vaccine with a triple-threat shot already on the market that protects against measles, mumps and rubella. Possible cost of the new four-in-one vaccine: \$30. —By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Mary Carpenter/New York



Study Director Robert Weibel

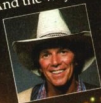
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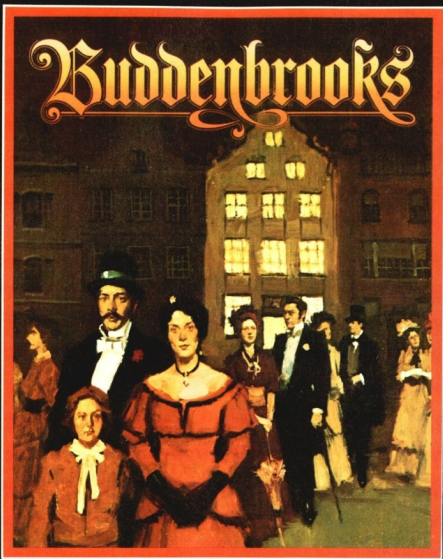
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People



Dunaway testing her mettle as the battling Queen Isabella

"I have always liked history," says Actress **Faye Dunaway**, 43, but when she began researching her role as Spain's Queen Isabella for *Christopher Columbus*, a TV mini-series to be aired next season, she found that "very little had been written about her." Dunaway did finally turn up a few things, including the fact that Colum-

bus historic voyage was delayed because "Isabella was fighting the Moors. She was a warrior queen. She actually got out there and fought in full armor." So, naturally, Dunaway followed suit. "It was awfully awkward," she says, though the actress had it easier than Isabella. "My armor was not so heavy, because it was aluminum."

Talk about role identification. Eight years ago, **Kyle MacLachlan** read in a newspaper that the rights to *Dune*, **Frank Herbert's** epic science-fiction fantasy, had been sold to a movie-production company. He thought, "Shoot! I'm too young. It's out of my reach." But the making of the picture kept being put off, and the stockbroker's son from Yakima, Wash., held on to his dream of playing Paul Atreides, the charismatic messiah of the *Dune* pentalogy. "I've been with him for about ten years now," MacLachlan says of Paul, and when he was barely one year out of acting school, he got a chance to audition for the part of his boyhood hero. His punk haircut with "a little spike" was a problem, he recalls, but he promised Film Maker **Dino De Laurentis** he would let his hair grow. And so what the actor calls his "Kyle-Paul meld" began in earnest. He read *Dune* five or six times before getting the part and has read it five or six times since. With the \$40 million space saga now in the can, MacLachlan, 25, is wondering what effect all the publicity of the Christmas opening will have on him. "I had to believe that my getting the role of Paul has a purpose," he muses. "I don't know what it is yet—except being true to myself. That's one thing I learned from Paul."



MacLachlan: Messiah complex

She intends to prove that she is the world's fastest woman distance runner. Until last week, though, the biggest chal-

lenge to **Zola Budd's** determined trek toward an Olympic gold medal seemed more political than athletic. In March, the native South African abruptly left her homeland, which is banned from the Olympics, and picked up a quickie British citizenship, thanks to her English-born grandfather. Eyebrows were raised, feathers were ruffled, backs were got up. Would her hop, skip and sidestep work? The British Olympic Association, after consulting with International Olympic Committee officials, ruled last week that she is eligible. All that now remains between Budd, 18, and Los Angeles is the British Olympic trials this week, where the first three finishers in the 3,000 meters will be on the British team. Budd is the odds-on favorite to win. Last week, running barefoot, she did the 1,500 meters in 4:43.9, setting a world junior record.



Budd: over another hurdle

Their last adventure together began 25 years ago. Now they had reunited to take on a challenging new mission. No, this was not another *Star Trek* revival, though it might be called *Right Stuff II—The Search for Solvency*. When the six surviving Mercury astronauts—**Scott Carpenter**, 59, **Gordon Cooper**, 57, **John Glenn**, 62, **Wally Schirra**, 61, **Deke Slayton**, 60, and **Alan Shepard**, 60—found themselves in Houston for a party honoring Aviators Charles Lindbergh and Jimmy Doolittle last month, a few of them got to wondering how they could help their old cap-

sure comrade Glenn pay off his \$3 million presidential campaign debt. Result: the six decided to pose along with **Virgil "Gus" Grissom's** widow **Betty** for an 8"x10" photograph that would be sold for \$10. It is their first joint photo since the old days, and they have set up the John Glenn Friendship Foundation in Orlando, Fla., to handle the sales. The effort may not make a huge dent, but Glenn, who was portrayed in the recent movie as somewhat above the high jinks of his fellows, was touched that the group would "still rally together to help when I need it." Besides, they all look pretty good for a bunch of retired rocket jockeys. —**By Guy D. Garcia**

Glenn, Grissom (seated), Cooper, Carpenter, Shepard, Schirra, Slayton



Music

Verdi with a Jukebox

The English National Opera makes its first U.S. tour

Can this be *Rigoletto*? The curtain rises on a mid-20th century New York City hotel ballroom instead of a 16th century Mantuan ducal palazzo; the Duke and his courtiers are not nobles but crime lords, and *Rigoletto* is a bartender, not a jester. The second scene takes place in a Little Italy tenement where *Rigoletto* has secreted his daughter, Gilda, and where she is wooed by the Duke, who sports a high school warmup jacket. The finale is

vendettas can seem remote, "operatic," unreal, but transplanted to Mulberry Street in the 1950s, they take on a grimy, visceral immediacy. In the major roles, John Rawnsley as *Rigoletto* displays a rich, focused baritone, and Valerie Masterson as Gilda has a clear, secure high soprano. Tenor Arthur Davies' voice is a little light for the Duke, but he manages to make the character at once attractive and morally repugnant. As the trumpy siren



Rigby and Davies in seduction scene from Jonathan Miller's controversial production of *Rigoletto*. A prized sense of ensemble, innovative directors and a restless inquisitiveness.

set in a seedy, Hopperesque waterfront dive. When the Duke sings his famous *La donna è mobile* aria, in English, he first pops a coin in a jukebox that stands behind a poster for *From Here to Eternity*.

It may owe almost as much to Francis Coppola's *The Godfather* movies as to Francesco Piave's original libretto, but it is *Rigoletto* nonetheless, and it is the clear hit of the current U.S. tour by the English National Opera. The company, making its American debut, opened in Houston late last month and moved to Austin last week; this week it plays San Antonio before rounding out the month with stints in New Orleans and New York City. Director Jonathan Miller's startling reinterpretation of Verdi's first masterpiece was the talk of London at its premiere in 1982, and it aroused the ire of some Italian Americans after the tour was announced; they objected to the implied Mafia motif. Yet this *Rigoletto* no more defames Italians than, say, *Un Ballo in Maschera* does Bostonians. Rather, it recasts the familiar work in a light that forces audiences to rethink it and savor it anew. Renaissance

Maddalena, Jean Rigby has a come-hither catch in her dark mezzo. Conducted by the ENO's innovative music director Mark Elder, 37, *Rigoletto* is a triumph.

The production exemplifies the distinctive merits of a company that is perhaps too little known on this side of the Atlantic. From its beginnings in 1931 as the Vic-Wells Opera (later Sadler's Wells), the ENO has prized a sense of ensemble that ought to be the envy of opera houses everywhere. Only a few of its singers have made major careers outside the company, but the pleasures of the ENO are to be found less in the singing than in the apposite theatricality of its productions, the innovative visions of its directors and the restless inquisitiveness of its approach to the whole range of the repertoire, including infrequently heard works by Dvořák, Smetana and Janáček. Unlike the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, which is an international company featuring a rotation of globe-trotting star performers, the ENO is a frankly nationalistic company. It performs only in English, employs mostly British singers and con-

ductors, and regularly champions British works. As such, it is probably a better barometer of the state of opera in Britain than the Royal Opera, which makes its own U.S. debut next month at the Olympic Arts Festival in Los Angeles.

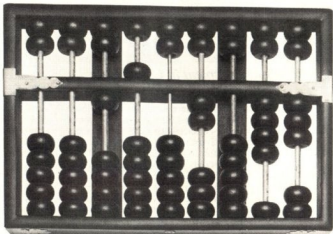
The other productions on the ENO's tour are more problematic than *Rigoletto*, but they are generally characteristic of the company's tastes, strengths and limitations. The sole exception is Gilbert and Sullivan's parody of fashionable Victorian aestheticism, *Patience*. The company has never been known for its Savoyard proclivities, and although the piece makes a winsome enough evening in the theater, boasting several sharply etched performances, its charms are best left to confirmed G & S aficionados. More timely are two Benjamin Britten works, *Gloriana* (1953), a controversial commemoration of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, and *The Turn of the Screw* (1954), based on the Henry James ghost story.

Gloriana, a courtly recounting of the Elizabeth and Essex affair, was a failure at its premiere. In a hallucinatory, melodramatic ending, the aging Queen confronts her mortality; first-nighters, who expected something more celebratory, were puzzled and even offended. The ENO has made the reputation of *Gloriana* a restoration project. Its production, directed in 1966 by Colin Graham, is resplendent with rich woodwork and ornamented brocade, but its visual fecundity cannot disguise the piece's fundamental weakness: *Gloriana* is less an opera than a ceremony and is probably best appreciated in its country of origin.

Even more lavish is the Graham staging of *War and Peace*, the sprawling, episodic attempt to transfer Tolstoy to the stage that occupied Prokofiev for more than a decade until his death in 1953. The director uses back projections to achieve a scenic coup during the burning of Moscow, and he adroitly handles the large forces demanded by the composer. Aside from Baritone Norman Bailey's heroic Kutuzov, though, the singing is earnest rather than inspired, and the relentless, new-Soviet-man socialist realism of the musical idiom is only occasionally leavened with the lyric strain familiar from such works as the ballet *Romeo and Juliet*. Yet the choral work is as forceful as a Russian winter, and the grandeur of the production and the composer's vision add up to a stimulating, if exhausting, spectacle.

"My people must have the best," ENO Founder Lilian Baylis is said to have remarked, referring to the English public in queenly tones. "God tells me the best in music is grand opera. Therefore, my people must have grand opera." There is much more to grand opera than a rented superstar astride a well-ridden war horse, and the ENO is showing just how much more there is.

—By Michael Walsh



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Religion

Building God's Global Castle

Opus Dei is a highly controversial movement in Catholicism

Clad in simple white albs, 77 candidates for the priesthood prostrated themselves before the high altar of St. Peter's Basilica last week as the Supreme Pontiff invoked the blessings of the saints in heaven. Then, while the group knelt in four neat rows, Pope John Paul, followed by Monsignor Alvaro del Portillo, laid hands on the candidates' heads to convey to them the powers of priesthood.

Though the Pope ordains hundreds of priests each year, last week's ceremony was a rite of special significance: 30 of the

candidates drop by to sing songs and read their poems. He has encouraged Opus members to such special tasks as maintaining discreet contact with Catholics in Communist lands and opening a new evangelistic center in Protestant Sweden.

Opus, in turn, offers the church a corps of well-educated, disciplined, profoundly committed Catholics who, as laity in ordinary jobs, can penetrate society in ways that priests cannot. In the Opus concept, each lay Catholic is to sanctify the secular world and his own career and, as

many nations study business, engineering and communications. There are also universities in Peru and Colombia and high schools around the world. Houses near 300 university campuses are prime locations for recruiting and preparing new members. Opus also sponsors 200 social-services agencies. The movement has grown slowly in the U.S., where there are only 3,000 adherents, but in nations such as Chile, Kenya and the Philippines it is expanding vigorously.

Although the stress it places upon full lay vocations within the church anticipated progressive thinking at the Second Vatican Council, Opus Dei nevertheless seems distressingly retrograde to its critics. Among these are Catholic liberals and an outspoken band of disillusioned Opus dropouts. Some detractors refer to the secretive organization as "the Holy Mafia," or "Opus Dei." One prominent seceder, Oxford researcher John Roche, has collected 1,500 case histories of disenchanted Opus members that he hopes to present to John Paul this year. Says Roche: "He may see Opus Dei as a counterpoise to the left in the church, but I don't think he has any idea of what is going on."

Perhaps because Opus members are typically reticent about their affiliation and many internal matters of the organization, the movement is constantly knocking down wild, unsubstantiated rumors about its supposed immense wealth and power. Even within the Vatican, there is disagreement about Opus Dei, although three top-ranking Cardinals are counted among its strong supporters. One veteran official in Rome says there is "a sharp division" at his congregation (a Vatican Cabinet ministry) between defenders of Opus Dei and doubters. He guesses the doubters are a slight majority. Interviews with important bishops in several nations bespeak a wary hesitation to criticize Opus openly.

Two events of the past three years have enhanced Opus' stature. In 1981, the Vatican took the first steps toward the canonization of Opus' founder, Spanish Monsignor Josemaria Escrivá de Balaguer, who died in 1975. Sainthood would vindicate the movement's creation under "divine inspiration," as the Pope has described it, since Escrivá's personality, words and works are the essence of Opus. Under Del Portillo, Escrivá's closest collaborator, every Opus action still conforms to "the founder's" intentions.

The other momentous mark of papal favor occurred in 1982, when John Paul granted Opus a new status known as personal prelature. The prelature, a position



The Pope ordaining Opus Dei priests at a ceremony last week in St. Peter's Basilica

"If you're not committed 100%, you're in the wrong outfit."

new priests will serve exclusively within the movement called Opus Dei. This is the third spring in a row that Pope John Paul has so honored the organization, a zealously orthodox network of 74,000 lay Catholics and 1,200 priests spread across 40 nations. Since its founding in 1928, Opus Dei (Latin for Work of God) has become one of the most influential, controversial and mysterious movements in Roman Catholicism.

John Paul's presence at Opus ordinations is only one of many signs of his approval. The Pope's first formal audience in 1984 was with Del Portillo, 70, the prelate of Opus. John Paul's first pastoral visit this year was to an Opus center in Rome. Each Easter evening since his election, the Pope has relaxed by having Opus stu-

dent Del Portillo states it, "seek and find God in the occurrences of daily life." This, he says, turns work from a money-making process into "a task which satisfies the legitimate aspirations of the human heart." A 1979 Opus memo reported that members around the world work, among other things, at 487 universities and schools, 694 newspapers or periodicals, 52 TV or radio stations, 38 publicity agencies and twelve film companies.

The visible works are impressive. There is a five-story brick-and-stone headquarters building in Rome, which also houses members studying theology. In addition, there is a global network of administrative centers. Members operate the University of Navarre, one of Spain's finest schools, where Opus disciples from



Founder Escrivá

poise to the left in the church, but I don't think he has any idea of what is going on."

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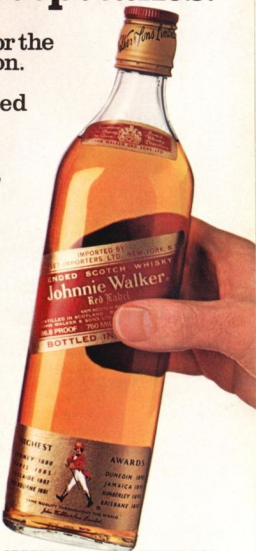
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Suenobu Togi performs Bugaku at the Craft and Folk Art Museum's International Festival of Masks.

Photo: Tom Vinet



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achieved by no other church group, gives Opus autonomy as a worldwide, nonterritorial jurisdiction with its priests and laity subject to Opus' prelate.

Such unique status is appropriate, for there is nothing in Catholicism quite like Opus Dei. Its membership includes both men and women, though in separated branches. It includes priests, but more significant, it makes demands of its laity more often associated with priests and nuns. Yet it is not a religious order, since its lay members hold secular jobs. It is both highly centralized and decentralized: men's and women's General Councils in Rome, appointed by Del Portillo, set policy and assign national directors, but chapters in each nation plan and finance their own operations.

There are three categories within Opus Dei. The leaders are the university-educated "numeraries," about 30% of the total membership, who make commitments to lifelong celibacy and obedience, turn over their secular incomes, live in communities and take all the course work needed to be priests, although few are ordained. "Associates" (20%) are celibate but do not live in communities or do advanced theological study. "Supernumeraries" (50%) are not celibate and follow modified commitments. Each category contains roughly equal numbers of men and women. There are also 700,000 "cooperators," like 1972 Vice-Presidential Nominee Sargent Shriver, who are not members but sympathizers. Cooperators need not be Catholics or even Christians, a radical concept when Escrivá instituted it in 1950.

The Opus vision is immensely attractive to traditionalist Catholics with a strong sense of the church's mission. One well-known supernumerary is Russell Shaw, 49, public-affairs secretary of the U.S. Catholic Conference. After his son went to an Opus camp, Shaw decided to attend retreats with a friend. "What I like about the organization is its seriousness," says Shaw. "If you're not committed 100%, you're in the wrong outfit." Numerary Joseph Billmeier, who directs the Opus center in Milwaukee, says that Opus kept him "on an even keel" during his New York stockbroker days, and "sanctified" a hectic career.

Such members follow a devotional life of daily Communion, weekly confession, daily prayers and readings, and regular extended talks with an assigned spiritual director. Numeraries also practice bodily mortification such as fasting or early rising. Periodically, there are also brief sessions of self-flagellation with long braided strings and periods of wearing a type of cilice, a barbed metal band, on the upper thigh. These, explains Father William Stetson, Opus director for four Midwestern states, "are small

reminders of what our Lord endured."

Mortification, an ancient Catholic tradition, was well known in Spain when Opus Dei was born. It was in Madrid, on Oct. 2, 1928, that Hospital Chaplain Escrivá received an instantaneous vision of the Opus Dei concept as church bells began to ring. Escrivá's idea, a reaction to the priest-dominated Spanish church, was to encourage the laity to play an important role in the church. "God led me by the hand," he said later. "Quietly, little by little, until his castle was built." Escrivá moved his headquarters to Rome in 1946 to make the movement seem less Spanish and eventually shaped a church subculture through his teachings, including *The Way*, a collection of 999 maxims ("To be idle is something inconceivable in a man who has apostolic spirit"). Escrivá's personal instructions to followers have remained secret, as has the group's constitution.



John Paul meeting this year with Prelate Del Portillo in Rome
Defending the idea of an undebatable truth.

Spain also imparted a right-wing political image to the movement. From the mid-1950s until Dictator Francisco Franco's death in 1975, Opus members surfaced noticeably in Spanish government and business. Many young Opus technocrats were credited with counteracting the corruption and economic inefficiency of their opponents in the Falangist old guard. Nowadays, Opus disciples, though less visible, continue to hold important public and industrial posts in Spain.

Opus Dei members also have become visibly involved in politics in Latin America. In Chile, under General Augusto Pinochet, Opus members have been assigned top government jobs, especially in education, and control major newspa-

pers and magazines. In Mexico, the Pan American Enterprise Institute, a management training school, and other Opus-linked agencies have taught key government and business leaders.

Though Opus attracts the prominent and wealthy and is harshly attacked by priests who are partisans of the poor, the group does perform social-service work. In Peru, it sponsors the Instituto Rural Valle Grande, where a staff of 30 provides invaluable and highly regarded training for 430 small farmers. Another showcase is Chicago's Midtown Center, a school and youth agency that has prepared numerous blacks and Hispanics for college. A senior Vatican official says that the Pope has asked for private commitments from Opus that it will seek out all levels of society and will cooperate with local bishops and other lay movements.

Opus Dei appears to have accepted another reform: limiting its full membership to those over 18, as is now required of religious orders under canon law. Accusations of enlisting teen-agers to the numeraries' life of celibacy, often without notifying their parents, resulted in furious opposition, especially in Western Europe. Theology Student Klaus Steigleder, 25, deals with recruiting practices in a heavily researched book (*Opus Dei: An Inside View*) published in German last September. At age 14, Steigleder was coaxed into a theater group at a Cologne youth club without knowing it was Opus-related and was gradually drawn into full commitment to the movement. Leaving becomes difficult for members, he says, because "their spirits are broken, and they have lost all touch with everyday life."

Despite the controversy that surrounds Opus Dei, there is agreement, inside the group and out, that an air of unremitting doctrinal conservatism pervades the organization. Says Father Rolf Thomas, a member of the men's General Council: "We are among the most committed defenders of the notion that undebatable truth exists. Doctrine is not debatable, and when doubts arise over what is binding truth, the final word is the Pope's and not some theologian's."

However unnerving they may be to liberal Catholics, the members of Opus Dei now seem to represent, for John Paul, an ideal for today's lay church member. There is speculation that the organization will gradually fill the traditional role of the Jesuits as an elite vanguard ready to do the bidding of Pope and church, and that John Paul has important evangelizing duties in mind for the organization. Given Opus Dei's ideology and its rich supply of disciplined members, such papal commissions would not be at all surprising. —By Richard N. Ostling, Reported by Roberto Suro/Rome, with other bureaus

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The Briefing: business alfresco

Design

Garden-Variety Archetypes

A millionaire's sculptures bring a human touch to cityscapes

Manhattan cabbies sometimes stop for the hailing figure on Park Avenue, but he never gets in. Patrons new to Kathy Gallagher's, a chic Los Angeles eatery, request tables far from the cigar chomper who seems to be a fixture in the place. In Boca Raton, Fla., vacationers have called police because a youth has loitered too long staring at the sea.

The causes of these mistakes and double takes are not people but the uncannily realistic bronze figures of Sculptor J. Seward Johnson Jr. In parks and plazas from San Antonio to Seattle, some 120 of Johnson's life-size sculptures, many sporting colored clothing, capture the everyday details of ordinary citizens down to their crumpled brown bags and untied shoelaces. They portray carpenters, businesswomen, students, engaged in such activities as talking on a park bench, leaving a tennis court or simply scratching their backs. "We are surrounded by monolithic towers and cold glass in our cities," says Johnson. "My work celebrates miniheroics: normal-size people reclaiming their humanness."

Art critics are unimpressed. "Kitsch," some of them proclaim. The works, says Los Angeles Sculptor Richard Ogiz, "strike a Norman Rockwell note." Indeed, Johnson is not about to knock Rodin off his pedestal, but his garden-variety American archetypes are a welcome—and welcoming—relief from "plunk art": find a plaza, acquire something made of huge welded I beams, then plunk it down. Explains Johnson: "One of my fellas sitting on a bench says, 'Come on in, celebrate the recess, the lunch break; take a moment and use this spot.'"

Touching and interacting with the sculptures are not only encouraged, but are unstoppable. Children sit in their bronze laps; on chilly nights adults drape sweaters over their shoulders. In the Richard J. Hughes Justice Complex, in Trenton, N.J., hundreds of passers-by have sat in the empty seat across the chess table from the bronze figure of a perplexed loser to have their picture taken. In southeast Washington, neighborhood youths have adopted the hot-rodding *Skateboarder* as one of their own. Says John Harrod, executive di-

A mentor offers advice in Match Point



rector of the Market 5 Gallery, a performing arts center that stands near by: "The kids box with it, talk to it and put cigarettes in its mouth."

The figures, priced at about \$30,000, have been purchased by or are on loan to financial institutions such as New York City's Chemical Bank and Merrill Lynch, real estate developers like Dallas' giant Trammell Crow, and colleges from Yale to William and Mary. Although each of the 70 or so figures Johnson has fashioned to date has been cast in editions of up to seven, the sculptures are usually personalized for clients. For Tyndale House, a Wheaton, Ill., publisher of religious books, the hamburger-munching young man of *Out to Lunch* studies the *23rd Psalm* in the Bible he is reading; but near the entrance of a Kansas City McDonald's he reads *There's No Such Thing as a Free Lunch*. Says Deborah Elmont-Scott, a curator at Kansas City's Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art: "It is so appropriate for its location it is almost benign."

So it would seem, yet Johnson's works occasionally spark local controversies. In New Haven, Conn., last winter, *Playmates* (three adolescent boys wondrously regarding a centerfold) was removed from a park near a Roman Catholic school as a result of protests from religious leaders and feminists. Also in New Haven, N.A.A.C.P. Branch President Edward White Jr. three months ago declared *Getting Down* (a black teen-ager shouldering a large portable radio) to be an offensive stereotype. Nevertheless the sculpture, which was on loan, remained in place until it was due for return.

Johnson, 54, is used to accusations that he looks down his nose at people. He is a multimillionaire grandson of one of the founding brothers of the Johnson & Johnson health products firm. He lives in distinctly unbohemian comfort. With his wife and two children he will next year

move behind the kidnaper-proof steel-lined walls of a new Princeton, N.J., mansion. As a young man he tried a stint as a Johnson & Johnson executive, but it did not work out. "I was fired," he says. "And my boss was my uncle." He spent two decades painting in oils. In 1968 he turned to sculpture because of a recurring daydream: "I wanted to see a fellow on a bench reading a paper, but I didn't know why." *The Newspaper Reader* was his first bronze work, and it still sits in seven locations.

Today Johnson markets his sculptures with executive aplomb. Last year his work brought in \$700,000; this year the amount may reach \$1 million. His Washington-based Sculpture Placement organization will put on twelve shows this year at urban plazas, resort hotels, corporate headquarters and airports. They are not aimed only at collectors. "We do some advertising in *ARTnews*, but we also advertise in *Architectural Digest*," says Johnson. "That's where the money and power for outdoor sculpture is." In the art world Johnson has been as much a patron as a producer. He has provided substantial funding for the International Sculpture Center, a Washington arts foundation, and created a subsidiary, the Public Art Trust. But, he says, "mostly I've used my money to start my atelier and sculpture-casting foundry." This facility, located near Trenton, is a \$2.5 million state-of-the-process installation that employs 140 assistants and students. It is one of the

world's largest, and such sculptors as George Segal and Marisol have worked cast there.

Johnson's own work, also done at the atelier, needs painstaking care. After he models a 12-inch-tall clay figure, assistants duplicate it as a life-size nude. Real clothing is fitted on it by a full-time seamstress, who stitches the material to plaster castings so the folds will fall just right. Afterward it is sprayed with a stiffening resin to hold its shape. The casting method Johnson uses is so fine that it duplicates wrinkles on the leather of an old briefcase. He hired Japanese and Italian as well as American chemists to develop the polychrome patinas that color many of his figures.

Devotion to the ordinary is apparently becoming too predictable for the restless Johnson. His latest sculptures are moving in new and slightly naughty directions. The artist is contemplating one for placement behind shrubbery. It would depict a man furtively zipping up his trousers. For Johnson it represents a common public event: using bushes for bathrooms. Says he: "After you've got a reputation, you can move out of the middle of the road a little bit." But, as thousands of happy viewers may hope, not too far into the woods.

—By J.D. Reed



Johnson

Press

Reuters' Hot Financial Flash

The reinvigorated wire service goes public, reaping a fortune

Own stock in Reuters, the London-based international news wire, used to be considered less an asset than a potential liability for the British and Commonwealth newspapers that hold most of the shares: the company sometimes lost money and paid no dividend for more than 40 years. Proprietors of defunct journals treated their residual interest in Reuters as worthless, omitting mention of the stock in their wills. Sellers of papers regarded their percentage of Reuters as at most an incidental value. This week, however, Reuters for the first time will offer shares to the public, and the once disgruntled owners expect to reap a paper windfall of \$1.05 billion to \$1.3 billion.

The dramatic change in Reuters' fortunes is only indirectly a result of its journalism. The bulk of the company's revenues, and profits, predicted to reach \$98 million for 1984, come from a high-tech version of the original business started by Paul Julius Reuter in 1850: the delivery of financial news between the Prussian town of Aachen and Brussels by carrier pigeon. Reuters has become a prime worldwide supplier, with clients in 112 countries, of electronically transmitted, up-to-the-minute data about currency exchange rates, commodity prices, stocks, bonds, even the availability of tanker space. As the operation grew more successful, its owners debated whether to cash in on the gains, and after determining that the company's trust agreement did not bar a stock sale, the directors announced last December the decision to go public.

The financial wire's success has permitted Reuters to beef up its news operations. The editorial budget has grown 65% in the past two years. The agency nowadays provides complete and thoughtful coverage, especially from the Middle East, Africa and British and Commonwealth countries. The staff of 612 reporters and editors in London and at 92 bureaus assembles a daily menu of about 60,000 words in English, plus services in French, German, Spanish and Arabic. Next year Reuters will launch a photo service. Among the agency's recent exclusives: the first bulletin of the death of Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov, and a report, on which Reuters had a 45-minute lead over all competitors, of the bombing attacks that

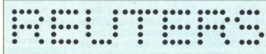
killed almost 300 U.S. and French troops in Beirut last October. Yet Reuters does not hurry stories onto the wire before they are confirmed. New York Times Assistant Managing Editor Craig Whitney praises Reuters for reliability and restraint: "It is low key, cautious, thorough and not sensational." Says Jerusalem Post Editor Ari Rath: "With Reuters, you rarely have to ask, 'Do you have it from another source as well?'"

The stock sale will bring welcome cash to some of London's newspapers, which collectively own 41% of the company and are nearly all losing money or making decidedly modest profits. The biggest nominal winner is Rupert Murdoch, whose papers in Britain and Australia have a 9.8% total share of Reuters' various classes of stock, worth approximately \$100 million, none of which he is offering for sale. Murdoch, who also owns the New York Post and Chicago Sun-Times, acquired about 40% of his companies' interest in Reuters as an apparently minor part of his \$27 million purchase in 1981 of London's Times and Sunday Times.

The success of Reu-



Managing Director Glen Renfrew



ters' diversification is viewed uneasily by its journalists. They are worried that as a publicly held company, it may cut back on unprofitable services, especially in the Third World. Says a former Reuters editor, Jonathan Fenby: "The shareholders will have every right to ask, 'Why are you distributing these services to Africa when you lose money on it?'" Former Labor Prime Minister James Callaghan, who joined in the unsuccessful fight in the House of Commons to block the sale, charged that the public offering "will certainly weaken [Reuters'] independence." For the present, however, effective control of the company will continue in the hands of the newspaper associations. Moreover, company executives point out, Reuters' financial clients also receive the news reports and use them to project market conditions. Says Managing Director Glen Renfrew: "News remains at the very heart of our business."

—By William A. Henry III
Reported by John Saar and Arthur White/London

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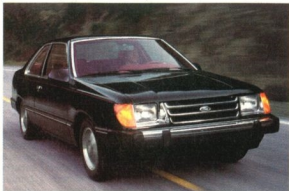
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Theater

Jagged Flashes of Inspiration

THE MISS FIRECRACKER CONTEST by Beth Henley

The lights come up on a young woman standing awkwardly, boldly, downstage center. She is wearing a leotard, mesh stockings and tap shoes. Without a word of explanation she picks up a white rifle and begins twirling it to the strains of the *Star-Spangled Banner*. Before the national anthem is finished, she will work flips, splits, flag waving and roman candles into the hilariously awful act she is practicing. Doing this lunatic parody of a beauty contest talent routine without on-stage preparation or any chance to establish character is, for an actress, the equivalent of an operatic soprano hitting a high E-flat on her first note. Holly Hunter, who has to come on cold every night at the Manhattan Theater Club and open the show with this scene, is clearly the bravest performer currently working in New York City.

She is also very gifted. For Carnele Scott, the orphan and reformed town tart whom she plays, is a daffy simpleton. Seeking redemption and identity by becoming Miss Firecracker at her Mississippi home town's annual Fourth of July celebration, she could easily become shrill in her eccentric quest, pathetic in her eventual failure. Hunter finds a sweet yet fierce core of integrity in this character that is not only very appealing but the source of the grip Beth Henley's play finally exerts on an audience.

Making a connection of that kind is an important service to Henley. Though her territory looks superficially like the contemporary American South, it is



Hunter struts her stuff in *Firecracker*

A sweet yet fierce core of integrity.

really a country of the mind: one of Tennessee Williams' provinces that has surrendered to a Chekhovian raiding party, perhaps. Her strength is a wild anecdotal inventiveness, but her people, lost in the ramshackle dreams and tumble-down ambitions with which she in-

vests them, often seem to be metaphors waywardly adrift. They are blown this way and that by the gales of laughter they provoke, and they frequently fail to find a solid connection with clear and generally relevant meaning.

There are several such figures present in *The Miss Firecracker Contest*. They include a seamstress named Pop-eye (Belita Moreno) who learned her trade making dresses for frogs and hears voices through her eyes; a romantic gallant (Mark Linn-Baker) who is haunted by nightmares of dismemberment and memories of an unsuitable recent job sweeping up dead dogs from the road; a sometime belle (Patricia Richardson) who finds it easy to leave her husband but impossible to abandon her clock collection; and a carnival balloon salesman (Budge Threlkeld), cheerfully wondering which of the three major diseases inhabiting his body will kill him.

These are obviously the kinds of roles actors can happily chomp on, and they are all enthusiastically, even gratefully, played. If Director Stephen Tolobowsky's muse sometimes seems too busily antic for the cramped confines of the Manhattan Theater Club stage, his choices nevertheless represent a legitimate response to Henley's writing. On the whole, it is more vividly and crazily charged than it was in her Pulitzer-prizewinning *Crimes of the Heart*. In fact, in its cut-loose characterizations and brazen theatricality, *Miss Firecracker* is infinitely preferable to that rather pallid comedy. Even so, both author and director are lucky to have a lightning rod like Holly Hunter at the center of their reveals, conducting their bright, jagged flashes of inspiration to solid, believable emotional ground.

—By Richard Schickel

Milestones

EXPECTING. Meredith Baxter Birney, 36, star of the TV sitcom *Family Ties*, and David Birney, 42, star of the recent TV mini-series *Master of the Game* and of next season's *Glitter*: twins, their second and third children; in October; in Los Angeles. Taping of new *Family Ties* episodes has started, and in the grand tradition of *I Love Lucy* the show's story line will follow Birney's pregnancy all the way to the birth.

MARRIED. Debbie Reynolds, 52, perennially plucky star of stage, screen and nightclubs; and Richard Hamlett, 48, a Roanoke, Va., real estate developer whom she met seven months ago while playing a benefit in Reno; she for the third time, he for the second; in Miami Beach. Only two weeks before the wedding, in a magazine interview, Reynolds called her personal life a "disaster," adding, "I obviously have no taste in choosing a mate and should never trust myself ever to do it."

DIED. Leanita McClain, 32, sensitive, idealistic columnist for the Chicago *Tribune* and the first black member of the paper's editorial board, whose emotionally charged commentary reflected the tensions of the city's racially polarized politics; by her own hand (an overdose of pills), after bouts of depression brought on at least in part, friends said, by the strain of being a role model and by the furor resulting from an article she wrote for the Washington *Post* last summer titled "How Chicago Taught Me to Hate Whites," which prompted the city council to consider demanding an apology; in Chicago.

DIED. Manuel Buendía, 58, Mexico's leading syndicated political columnist, whose feisty front-page commentary in Mexico City's daily *Excelsior* frequently exposed corruption and criminality in the higher levels of the government, labor and business, and regularly attacked CIA involv-

ment in Latin America; of gunshot wounds (while entering a parking lot, he was shot at least three times in the back by an assassin who escaped in the crowded streets); in Mexico City. His columns, which had recently zeroed in on corruption in the oil industry and its powerful union, had provoked several death threats, and he carried a pistol at all times.

DIED. Arthur H. ("Red") Motley, 83, publisher-president responsible for making *Parade* magazine the largest and most profitable of the national Sunday supplements; of a heart attack; in Palm Springs, Calif. A garrulous onetime salesman of zithers and Fuller brushes, he became boss of the five-year-old, money-losing supplement in 1946. By pitching it to newspaper markets in the burgeoning suburbs, he increased its circulation from 2 million to 19 million, under various owners, until his retirement in 1978.



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Cinema

Exercise for Exorcists

GHOSTBUSTERS Directed by Ivan Reitman
Screenplay by Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis

Armageddon is not, at first glance, the most promising subject for farce: too big, too scary. Visions of expansively expansive comedies like *1941* and *The Blues Brothers*, where the jokes got buried under the weight of excessive hardware and special effects, dance in one's head. And *Ghostbusters*, which deals with nothing less than a mass rising of the unseen world, murderously disgusted with civilization as we know it, especially around New York City. Clearly the movie intends to go after most of the marbles rolling around in the added modern mind.

The first sign that the end is drawing



Murray and Aykroyd in *Ghostbusters*

Out of the fridge, a hellhound.

nigh occurs when a perfectly normal and respectable young woman (Sigourney Weaver) opens her refrigerator door to stow the celery. Instead of confronting yesterday's quiche, she finds herself face to face with the hound of hell, all red-eyed and snappish, with a dreamscape hinting of unspeakable mysteries stretching out behind him. It is here that the film begins to transcend the generic limits of the annual summer giggle fit for the old *Saturday Night Live* crowd.

Ghostbusters is actually the trade name for a trio of rogue parapsychologists kicked out of academe for conduct unbecoming to scholarship and forced to set up shop as exorcists for hire. Lucky for them that they launch their venture just as the ectoplasmic underworld is about to go on a rampage. Unlucky for them that the Environmental Protection Agency, meddling with their facility for storing captured spirits, lets the damnable things loose. Panic in the streets! And glorious opportunities for political as well as paranormal satire!

Of the ghost wranglers, the pair played by Writers Aykroyd and Ramis are sweetly earnest about their calling, and gracious about giving the picture to their co-star Bill Murray. He obviously (and wisely) regards Dr. Peter Venkman as a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to develop fully his patented comic character. Shrewd and stupid, sly and blustering, but always coolly gliding to some strong rhythm only he can hear, Venkman is a brilliantly observed caricature of the contemporary urban male. At one point Weaver, representing the reality principle, informs him that he seems less a scientist than a game-show host. But he is a far more amusing figure. He is, in fact, some ultimate Yuppie, seemingly stoned on fern-bar manners, mores and folk wisdom. His utter imperviousness to anything that cannot be comprehended in those basic materialist terms is finally a more potent weapon than all the atomic gadgetry he and his friends carry into their battles with the forces of darkness.

These spectacular confrontations are well handled by Director Reitman, who always finds the time for the funny aside, the titling telling detail. He and the visual-effects director, Richard Edlund, also have the sense to let the special effects look just a little tacky, so they provide a comic comment on all the ghoulie-ghostie movies we have been asked to suspend disbelief in recent years. Whoever thought of having evil's final manifestation take the form of a 100-ft. marshmallow deserves the rational mind's eternal gratitude. But praise is due to everyone connected with *Ghostbusters* for thinking on a grandly comic scale and delivering the goofy goods, neatly timed and perfectly packaged.

—By Richard Schickel

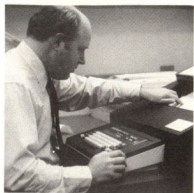
Space Opera

STAR TREK III: THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK

Directed by Leonard Nimoy
Screenplay by Harve Bennett

It is not that Spock is all that hard to find. Most viewers of the last *Star Trek* (subtitled *The Wrath of Khan*) already have a pretty good idea of where to look for whatever was left of him after that film's ambiguously tragic denouement. The suspense of this handsome sequel derives largely from anxiety about the form in which he will be rediscovered and from the question of whether he can be restored to something like his familiar dimensions. What if he comes back with rounded earlobes or a beetling brow?

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Cinema

Worse, imagine him returning with his logical faculties (and his great soul) reduced to paltry earthly dimensions.

About these and the many other possible metamorphoses, the wise critical deponent should say nothing, lest The Wrath of the Trekkies descend on him for spoiling the story they have been so eagerly anticipating for two years. What can be freely stated, given the fact that Leonard Nimoy himself directed the film, is that the fate of Vulcan's favorite son is treated with the highest seriousness. What actor, after all, is going to kick around with the character with whom he may be immortally identified?

The result, despite a rather timid James Horner score, is perhaps the first space opera to deserve that term in its grandest sense. The plot is as convoluted and improbable as anything Verdi ever set to music; the settings are positively Wagnerian in scale and, especially at the climax, full of his kind of fiery mysticism. Above all, the emotions of *Star Trek III* are as broad and as basic as anything this side of *Rigoletto*. Principally, these are the province of Admiral James T. Kirk (William Shatner, of course). His attempt to answer the cries for help that Spock transmits by means of a mysterious Vulcanic technique known as a "mindmeld" forces him to the most anguishing command decisions. These involve the life and death of his son and the fate of his beloved starship *Enterprise*.

The script is perhaps overplotted and has heavy expository burdens (again the analogy with real opera occurs). Moviegoers whose emotional connection to the *Star Trek* mythos is mild may find themselves missing the self-satire that distinguished *Star Trek II*. They may also find themselves wondering occasionally if, after 79 television episodes and two features, the series is finally about to succumb to what has always been its besetting temptation, which is portentousness.

They need not worry long. Writer-Producer Harve Bennett knows where the gold is buried in this galaxy, and always hustles back to that lode of entertaining verities that have for so long sustained *Star Trek*. It features as ghastly a group of interstellar pirates, the Klingons, as ever entered the star log, plus a spectacularly self-destructive planet and plenty of technically adroit and sometimes witty special effects. These are classic directorial occasions, and Nimoy rises to them with fervor, in effect beaming his film up onto a higher pictorial plane than either of its predecessors. One might not want to have the *Enterprise* crew take up permanent residence on that sober and lofty level. But for the moment it is an often glorious place to visit.



Shatner



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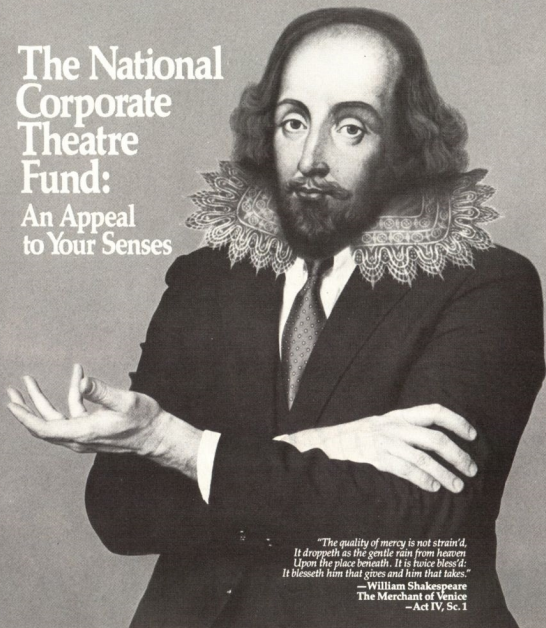
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—William Shakespeare
The Merchant of Venice
—Act IV, Sc. 1

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Books



Arguments Against MADness

THE ABOLITION by Jonathan Schell; Knopf, 173 pages; \$11.95

WEAPONS AND HOPE by Freeman Dyson; Harper & Row; 334 pages; \$17.95

There are now approximately 50,000 nuclear weapons. They have brought the world to a state of critical mass: the detonation of one bomb or warhead could touch off a chain reaction leading to the extinction of the human race. For a fact of life—the existence of those weapons—to be so bound up with the possibility of the death of the planet is an affront to reason and conscience alike.

Some of the best minds of the age have tried to rationalize their way around this ghastly paradox: the reliance of the human race for its safety on the instruments of its own destruction. The leaders of the U.S. have made a policy of that paradox. It is called deterrence: if our enemy believes we will use our nukes against him, he will not use his against us. The Kremlin operates on a similar principle. The superpowers hold pistols to each other's heads; they forgo large-scale defenses to make their suicide pact more credible, but they continue to proliferate and refine their offensive weapons. In so doing they put their arsenals on hair trigger; the danger grows that in a crisis or an accident, one or both fingers could twitch.

Many thinkers have recoiled from the logic underlying such a precarious peace. Instead of reconciling themselves to the existence of nuclear weapons, they

call for their elimination, often in quasi-religious terms. But they have yet to come up with plausible proposals about how to achieve salvation.

New Yorker Writer Jonathan Schell sets out from the moralist camp and Physicist Freeman Dyson from the rationalist camp in search of common ground. Both see the current balance of terror—"offense-dominated nuclear deterrence"—as the moral equivalent of slav-

ery and call for its abolition. Hence the 19th century resonance of Schell's title, *The Abolition*, and Dyson's description of the nuclear arsenal in *Weapons and Hope* as "a manifestly evil institution deeply embedded in the structure of our society." Hence also the common weakness in their arguments: slavery, whatever it may have meant to the economy and social order of nations, had little to do with their security; nuclear weapons, however perverse the argument for having them, are intimately connected with national security.

Both books first appeared as lengthy serializations in *The New Yorker* at the beginning of the year. Schell's is a sequel to his 1982 bestseller *The Fate of the Earth*. That work received widespread praise for its passionate, sometimes overwrought meditation on the madness of mutual assured destruction (MAD). Schell argued that the apocalyptic nature of nuclear war had rendered obsolete not only war itself but the concept of national sovereignty. He called on the superpowers to eliminate nuclear weapons and to "reinvent politics" by creating a world government loosely based on the pacifist ideals of Mahatma Gandhi. His message was ultimately defeatist: unless the world took his vaguely defined and wildly utopian advice, it was doomed.

In his new book, Schell moderates his repudiation of nuclear deterrence, conceding that it is "probably the least obnoxious and most sensible doctrine consistent with the absurd situation of possessing the

Excerpts

“ Through the balance of terror, we all come to hold a dagger to the hearts of those nearest and dearest to us as well as to threaten those far away . . . The parent threatens the child, the lover the lover, the friend the friend, the citizen the citizen. Our acceptance of nuclear weapons is in that sense a default of parenthood, of love, of friendship, of citizenship . . . And in making a 'conscious choice' to lift the nuclear peril we resolve to escape this pervasive corruption of our lives. We resolve to clear the air of the smell of burning flesh.

—*The Abolition*

The success of negotiation and moral indignation in bringing about nuclear disarmament will also depend upon technical factors. We will have a far better chance of achieving nuclear disarmament if the weapons to be discarded are generally perceived to be not only immoral and dangerous but also obsolescent. An intelligently conducted arms race, leaving nuclear technology further and further behind, could help mightily to sweep nuclear weapons into the dustbin of history.

—*Weapons and Hope*

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arsenals." But he still believes the absurdity is eradicable. "When a person or a society or, as in this case, a whole planet is embarked on a self-destructive and ultimately suicidal course," he argues, "the first order of business is a decision to reverse course." To set matters right, nations may keep their sovereignty after all, along with the knowledge of how to make nuclear weapons. They must, however, abolish their entire stockpiles; to deter war, they should rely on a combination of conventional, i.e., non-nuclear, offenses and defenses; if one side violated the nuclear abolition agreement, the standoff in conventional offensive arms and the protection afforded by defensive ones would buy enough time for the other side to build nuclear weapons of its own. The essence of deterrence would remain intact, but now the opponents' nuclear pistols would be in their holsters rather than cocked at each other's temples.

In the real world, nuclear weapons have become the ultimate symbol and substance of power, particularly for the Soviet Union. Schell treats this fact of life like the existence of the arsenal itself: it is unacceptable, and it must give way to the humanistic imperative of stamping out evil; the Soviets must join in what Schell calls "pre-emptive repentance" for what he considers the original sin of Alamogordo and Hiroshima. If international politics were susceptible to such high-mindedness, there would be no U.S.S.R. at all.

Dyson is no less scathing than Schell in his indictment of deterrence as it is now practiced. "No matter how my weapons are aimed," he says, "I have no way to count the lives that I might save by striking first. The only way I can be sure of saving lives is not to strike at all." Like Schell, Dyson wants to see considerably more reliance on nonnuclear defenses, so that the United States would say to the Soviet Union, "We maintain the ability to damage you as badly as you can damage us, but we prefer our own protection to your destruction." But the physicist has no messianic, all-or-nothing vision of a planet of plowshares. He quietly, logically advocates a more realistic posture known technically as "parity plus damage-limiting." In Dyson's simplified lexicon this is defined as "live and let live." The Soviet Union and the U.S. would move toward the ideal of regarding hydrogen bombs "only as bargaining chips to be negotiated away as rapidly as possible." This, he admits, is "a compromise concept," but it may "achieve a decisive turning away from dependence on nuclear weapons."

Dyson's book envisions what would certainly be an improvement on the doctrine of MAD. But the nukes, less obtrusive and less likely to go off in a crisis, still glower in the background, diminished but not abolished. After such

a sweeping critique of the present situation, Dyson's blueprint for the future seems a bit anticlimactic. But even this shortcoming gives the book significance. For Dyson's arguments provide an object lesson in the limits of how far pure reason, even when driven by conscience, can go toward the elimination of nuclear weapons.

In the end, both books demonstrate that an escape from mankind's suicide threat remains elusive, a goal that we might, in our wisdom, approach, but never, in our state of sin, achieve. —By *Strobe Talbott*

Sorrows

IN ANOTHER COUNTRY

by Susan Kenney

Viking, 163 pages; \$13.95



Susan Kenney

Grief and loss accumulate like possessions.

At the age of eleven, Sara is taken to a circus sideshow. There she is confronted with something inexplicable to a child and incomprehensible to her father: a freak born without limbs. "Does she have no arms and legs really?" the girl asks. The reply is reassuring and false: "It's all done with mirrors."

The words might be inscribed on the family's coat of arms. For Sara's parents, tragedy in any form is something stage-managed and therefore bogus. But as Susan Kenney, 43, indicates in her terse and precisely felt novel, even self-deceit, the most durable fiction of all, must have an end. Sara takes some 25 years to learn that sorrows cannot all be explained away, and that in a life truly lived, grief and loss accumulate like possessions.

The lessons are painfully acquired. Sara's father dies soon after that day at the circus, and her mother retreats into insanity. Sara marries happily, but the years are blighted by her husband's long bout against cancer. Even her children's beloved dog perishes. The catalogue of

miseries seems to cry out for commercial spots and a station break: the stuff of noontime soap opera. But Kenney, a professor of creative writing at Colby College in Maine, knows two essential truths about melodrama: first that it is most powerful when combined with irony and understatement; and second that it is a salient feature of modern life. Nothing in these six connected stories seems overdrawn or out of place. The metaphors of cold, echoing corridors, of looking glasses and toys have a rightness about them, but for the most part, Kenney is content to let the feelings ride on the facts.

Sara's demented mother is observed "knitting, with a serene, satisfied look on her face, as though she's finally got everything figured out and there's nothing to run and hide from any more." The collie "was our first and in his eyes remained our only child, was one of us, never seeming to take in the fact that he was much the furrst and generally though not always ate and slept on the floor." Her husband's surgeon is described as "Big Bird wrapped in green Kleenex, peering and blinking everywhere except at me, which I do not interpret as a good sign." She watches the machine at her husband's bedside: "Digital numbers flash—twenty-two. Is that possible? A pulse rate of two-twenty? . . . Slow down, I mutter to the machine, to the frenzied fist inside his chest, willing the tinsel line to unfurl itself a little."

Ultimately Sara decides that "this is what I've learned about the dead: It is not always their absence that haunts us." The presence of the vanished dog, of the hospitalized husband, of the long-gone father is conveyed in odd, occasional glimpses and echoes that bring back the absent and the lost. It is an observation that could be made only by a woman who has learned how to regard the world, and by a writer who has learned how to record it. —By *Stefan Kanfer*

Too True

SCUMBLER

by William Wharton

Knopf, 236 pages; \$14.95

"Always distrust professed honesty," says Scumbler, an aging, defiantly bohemian American painter in Paris. "It's the ultimate con job." This seems an odd assertion from a character whose narrative is one long profession of emotional candor, sensitivity, creativity and individuality. William Wharton's novel is no con job, however, but something perhaps harder to take: a credo of total, devout and sometimes excruciating sincerity.

Scumbler's name is borrowed from the technical term for texturing over one color with another; usually he shortens it to Scum, for scum of the earth. A self-proclaimed people's painter, he roams the streets on his battered motorcycle, white beard flying, paintbox strapped on his



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back, searching for subjects. He relishes getting caught up fitfully in the lives of the students, prostitutes, policemen and tourists who gather around his easel. He goes where the flow carries him, down to explore unused tunnels under Paris or off to join some young Americans on an outing in Spain. His paintings, when he manages to sell any, fetch only a few hundred dollars, yet somehow he supports a wife and five children, two of whom attend state-side universities. He is, in fact, an intensely domestic creature, with a compulsion to refurbish old lofts and workshops as a series of "nests."

Old Scum might seem more engaging and colorful if he were not so familiar: another in a long line of romantics who disdain the bourgeois "scramble for outside things like money or status," a lesser descendant of that definitive rogue-genius Gulley Jimson, hero of Joyce Cary's *The Horse's Mouth*. For a man who claims that most of his life has been "a flight from boredom," Scum has an amazing tolerance for bull-session profundities. Scarcely a page goes by without an interpolated haiku-like



verse (WE WEAR OURSELVES INSIDE OUT/ TRYING TO BRING THE OUTSIDE IN) or an observation like "The truly most valuable product of this planet is people, loved people."

The pseudonymous William Wharton, author of *Birdy, Dad and A Midnight Clear*, is himself an American painter who lived many years in Paris, so it is no surprise that his street scenes and descriptions of the painterly process are vividly authentic. His chapter on Scum's attempt to paint a self-portrait that would transport him out of the temporal dimension makes a stirring set piece. But his identification with his character is so complete that the novel seems to be spun from their shared fantasy fulfillment. Difficulties give way before Scum. Whatever he needs comes conveniently to hand, whether building materials, a rich art collector or a nubile girl to tempt his sagging libido.

"I think I hurt people by living," Scum maintains. "My maniacal insistence on living my own life is in itself a terrible violation of everybody else." The reader sees little of such conflict. Insofar as the other characters have any life outside of Scum's ruminations, they are as simple and warm-hearted an assortment of waifs and eccentrics as can be found anywhere this side of William Saroyan. Indeed, like Saroyan's, Wharton's writing has often seemed like a race between originality and sentimentality. In *Scumber*, the sentimentality is way out in front.

—By Christopher Porterfield

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Show Business

Overdosing on Bad Dreams

A new book casts dim light on the life of John Belushi

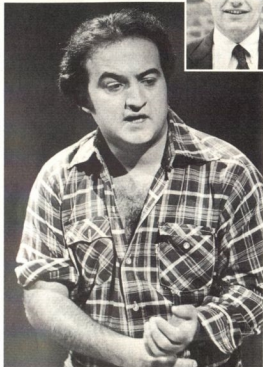
By the time that John Belushi finally bought it, in the winter of 1982, he had already made a considerable and enthusiastic investment in his own destruction. He had also bought, whole, every sorry, second-rate dream of success that American pop culture has to offer: the performer as outlaw, the outlaw as shaman; self-immolation as the fulfillment of a creative spirit that burns too hot to contain or understand; drugs as recreation, revelation and social challenge, a turn-on for talent, a tip sheet for personal apocalypse. He died, really, of the cumulative effects not only of the cocaine and heroin that had swollen his brain and bloated his heart but of all these bad dreams. From the time he got his first taste of success in the early '70s, performing in Chicago with the improvisational troupe Second City, Belushi's life was an increasingly frenetic series of binges, punctuated by bouts of intense work. At the end there was no way out, and no help for him.

That is the way his life reads, anyhow, in Bob Woodward's mildly sensational, ultimately senseless account, *Wired: The Short Life and Fast Times of John Belushi* (Simon and Schuster, \$17.95). The book, kicked off with a front-page serialization launch and favorable review in the *Washington Post*, where Author Woodward heads up the investigative reporting staff, is drawing the kind of hoopla usually kindled by more conventional show-biz behemoths; an excerpt has also appeared in *Playboy*. Like some Hollywood superproduction, the book boasts a long list of cameo appearances by stars (Jack Nicholson, Robin Williams, Robert De Niro, Carrie Fisher and miscellaneous Rolling Stones) whose presence has nothing of importance to contribute save what agents and producers like to call "name value."

Indeed, the entire book is basically an exercise in casting: get the country's star investigative reporter to tackle "the unanswered questions" about the grubby death of America's favorite counterculture comedian. The fact that the co-author of *All the President's Men* and *The Final Days* was on the case invested Belushi's life with a weight and dimension it lacked when he was busy living it. It turns out, however, that there are no unanswered questions that matter. So everyone comes up short: Belushi's widow and his sister-in-law, who first enlisted Woodward in the project; the author himself, who does a

considerable amount of vamping and page filling by re-creating old Belushi routines from *Saturday Night Live*; and any reader who hopes to learn some lesson from Belushi's death or is even curious to know why it matters.

Belushi had a kind of reckless, rock-'n'-roll comedic sensibility. He was a volatile combination of Lou Costello and Vlad the Impaler, a per-



The self-destructive star in 1982; inset, Author Woodward

former with a wide appeal but a narrow range, whose talent could ignite television sketches but was quickly being tapped out in movies. He did not have the generative comic gifts of an Albert Brooks, say, or an Andy Kaufman, but he had a gruff, tough persona that exuded phantom wisps of tenderness and set him quite apart. He was the most intriguing of the *Saturday Night* troupe even as he was demolishing a set with his samurai sword or gobbling up the scenery in impersonations that ran the gamut from Kissinger to Brando to Jake Blues, a perfect and loving parody of an oldtime soul man.

Woodward does not attempt to appraise Belushi or to put him into any social or moral perspective. Like Sergeant

Joe Friday, Woodward goes for just the facts, and they do not take him very far or deep. Since many of the facts are known from the headlines anyway, Woodward must resort to details. In large part, this means recounting endless rounds of drug blowouts, frazzled work sessions and show-biz parties. There are occasional testimonials to Belushi's sweetness (he and his wife make love on a Martha's Vineyard cliff; he buys his father a ranch in California and settles some family debts), but the book is swamped by examples of his monomania. There is frequent mention of the great actor he might have been, but the evidence of his seven films indicates mostly that he was playing image, not mining character.

The book even bypasses the one potentially intriguing question about Belushi's death: Why did the Los Angeles police release Cathy Smith, who was subsequently indicted for murder and for "furnishing and administering" speedballs (potent mixtures of cocaine and heroin) during the final days of Belushi's life? Portrayed by Woodward as a user and sometime dealer of heroin, Smith was able to hoof it to Canada, where she is still fighting extradition. Woodward is so absorbed in writing about Belushi's demons that he has barely a moment to suggest where they might have originated. Evoking an Albanian father who ran a couple of restaurants in Chicago and was never around for holidays "because they were often the biggest days in the restaurant business" is hardly an adequate way to measure the depths of Belushi's kamikaze Thanatos.

"It gets worse as it gets better," Belushi once told a friend in the summer of 1980, two years after *Animal House*, in which he played the definitive slob frat boy, had become one of the top-grossing movie comedies of all time. It is impossi-

ble not to care a little about the man who could make such an observation, just as it is difficult not to be fond of someone who, in the middle of a furious brawl with his brother, could observe, "This is just like *East of Eden*." But *Wired*, so full of details, is so short on insight that Belushi never becomes any larger or more understandable than a gifted guy who pigged out on success. That might have satisfied Sergeant Joe Friday, but it is not enough for a book. Belushi haunted the night, always wanting to stay up and never to sleep. What he saw whenever he closed his eyes is what needed to be written about, but it is not between the covers of *Wired*. There are some places simple facts cannot go.

—By Jay Cocks

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Glimpsing a Lost Atlantis

A show in New York City provides an elegant primer on drawing

The exhibition called "Reading Drawings" that is now on view at the Drawing Center in New York City is as elegant a teaching show as one might wish to see. Why study drawings at all? Because they are often the clearest index to a painter's intentions; finished or fragmentary, they are the deposit left by the process of image forming, the residue of the dartings and proings that constitute pictorial thought.

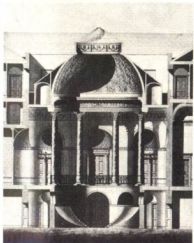
Through them we are made privy to the sight of Rubens inventing half a dozen variations on a given arm until the right one clicks; to that of Watteau, infatuated with the silky passage of red chalk over paper, building up his stock of memory images and usable prototypes for later consumption. Looking at drawings seems an even more private affair than studying paintings. Drawings never lie about skill. They are merciless little witnesses, like children. They reveal whatever is obsessive, mutable, intimate and experimental in an artist's work.

Painters have always collected other painters' drawings, to give themselves access to the code of imaginations they admire. Yet the first museum show of Old Master drawings (let alone ones by living artists) seems to have happened only about 100 years ago, in Berlin in 1881. It is a sign of the times that, for all the didactic efforts museums have put into photography over the past decade, showing how to deduce the complex intentions of what was once thought the simple truth of a photographic instant, very little of the sort has been done for the older and far deeper art of drawing. For one thing, the prestige of real graphic discipline has inexorably sunk in the art schools. The idea that drawing is anything more than a preliminary step to painting—that a mark on paper could, in its own right, achieve a density, finish, intensity and even grandeur as full as one on canvas—has withered in the face of facile generalizations about "major" and "minor" statements.

But behind such problems there has been a worse one. A century ago, most educated people drew as a matter of course because it was the best way to remember what they saw. Great Aunt Lucinda with her watercolor set, earnestly dabbling in the shade of the Duomo, may have been a figure of mild fun; but she (multiplied by tens of thousands) was also the ground from which the tremendous graphic achievements of a Degas or a Matisse could rise. Such amateur experience added up to a general recognition that to draw, to reconstitute a motif as a code of lines and tonal patches, is to think, and that such thought forms the root of all vi-

sual literacy. A stroll in SoHo today, by contrast, will furnish any number of artists who can barely trace, let alone draw.

There and now, an exhibition like "Reading Drawings" is salutary. It shows a tiny edge of a lost Atlantis. However, it



Paine's rendering of Wardour Castle, ca. 1768



Rubens' variations on an arm, ca. 1617

Merciless little witnesses, like children.

is not a "masterpieces of" show. Everything in it comes as a loan from the immense collection of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, and its purpose is not to ask, "How beautiful can a drawing be?" but rather, "How and why was a drawing made?" The show, in other words, is an invaluable primer of tech-

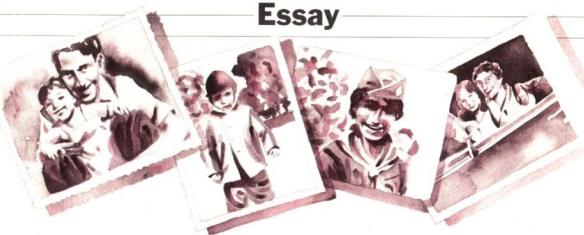
nique, system and use, and its curator—Susan Lambert, deputy keeper of prints, drawings and photographs, and paintings at the V. and A.—has done a fine job of explanation.

The show sets forth three basic traditional uses of drawing: as discipline, as imagination and for utility. The first is epitomized by the study after the antique or the copy after an admired master; the second by preparatory sketches for compositions, motifs, figures; the third by purely descriptive or hypothetical studies for machines, furniture, stage sets or buildings. In practice, of course, these uses tip and flow into one another. Unlike photography, drawing can represent what does not exist. This has commended it to the most fantastical of minds, from Bosch to the surrealists, as well as to the most practical, like Verrocchio designing a monument or someone planning a model kitchen for the London gas board.

The representative specimens from the V. and A. range from an overcleaned Rembrandt (showing what can happen to the tonal qualities of ink on old rough paper after it has been washed and pressed to remove foxing) to some doodles and sketches by the British auto designer Alec Issigonis; from a sexy scribble of two reclining nudes in about five lines by Gustav Klimt to a cross section of James Paine's design for Wardour Castle in Wiltshire, circa 1768, done with that strict, codified mastery of ink-and-wash rendering that is the envy and despair of every "postmodernist" architect today.

How did an artist of genius capitalize on the peculiar conditions of photomechanical reproduction in the 1890s? Aubrey Beardsley's sharp, spikily articulate design for the frontispiece of Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur* tells us. Was the longer-derided practice of drawing from plaster casts rather than the living model really as deadening as we were once told? Assuredly not, as anyone can tell from the almost terrifyingly obtrusive student drawing of a plaster foot by the future English academician, Sir Luke Fildes. Why might drawing in metal point require more decision and confidence than drawing in lead pencil? Because the latter can be erased, the former not. What is the difference between chalk and pastel, sepia and bistre, laid and wove paper, pouncing and squaring, vellum and parchment?

Such nuts and bolts are laid out with unflinching clarity: all the technical stuff one thinks one knows but is hazy about is there. It is reported that 20% of Americans are illiterate, and 45% say they never read books; so it is not too dyspeptic a guess that 99% cannot read a drawing. If this show—which goes to the Minneapolis Institute of Arts in August and the Worcester Art Museum in December—lops a tenth of a point off that score, it will have surpassed itself. —By Robert Hughes



Speech for a High School Graduate

Others will exhort you to take risks, to be yourself, never to look back or lose your faith. Not I. If the truth be told, I do not want you to take risks. Oh, maybe a selected few to preserve your self-esteem, but not the killing kind of risk, nothing netless. As for being yourself, that's fine, as long as you are happy with yourself. Otherwise, be someone else. You'll find your way; most everyone does. Never to look back? I'd say look back quite often. If you don't look back, you won't know it was you who smashed the china. Never to lose faith? Of course you will. People lose their faith.

So what truth can I give you, my college-boy-to-be, on your way out? You'd think I would be able to produce something. Words are supposed to spill from writers' minds like shrimp, especially on momentous occasions like graduations, weddings, funerals; we do it all. Instead, I reach in my desk for some verbal pocket watch to wrap up for you in tissue paper, and come up blank. Too dazed or polite, you stare at my face the way Telemachus must have stared on the beach at Ithaca, searching for Ulysses among the sailors.

Should I offer you wishes? Poets have done that for their children from time to time. In *Frost at Midnight* Coleridge wishes his son Hartley a life surrounded by nature. I could wish the same for you, though I have less trust in nature's benevolence. Still, Mary McCarthy said something interesting in an interview recently, that "our perception of the world and our values stem absolutely from the possibility of some reasonably true perception of nature—which is gradually disappearing and will soon become impossible." That could be so. Myself, I like watching the ocean.

Yeats wished for his girl a sense of ceremony and tradition in *A Prayer for My Daughter*. I'd repeat that wish for you, as long as you did not turn into a snob, like Yeats. In *This Side of the Truth*, Dylan Thomas, probably hoping to protect himself, wished that his son Llewelyn would hold all judgments in abeyance. "Each truth," he wrote, "each lie, dies in unjudging love." That I will not wish for you. Have your love and your judgment too.

If not wishes, how about aphorisms? Everyone can use an aphorism. I wish I could remember one, something especially Delphic or brilliant from *The Consolation of Philosophy*, the *Bhagavad Gita*, the Koran. Charlie Chan said: "Evidence like nose on anteaer." Does that count? Russians are better at such things. Once in my earshot Lillian Hellman observed: "A

crazy person is crazy all the time." I have frequently found that valuable, particularly when in the company of a crazy person who is, for the moment, lucid. Confucius said: "Filial piety is the constant requirement of Heaven." That seems to me an excellent aphorism.

What would you say to purely tactical advice? Over the years I picked up several emotional maneuvers that might serve you well as contingency plans. When lonely, for example, read murder mysteries; I find them soothing. When angry, choose solitude. When lovesick, do push ups, run a mile or two, or step out with the boys; I don't know why that helps, but it does. When bored, see the movie *Bringing Up Baby*. When in despair, dress to the nines. I often wear a white shirt to work when I want to pit elegance against the fates. You might try that. (Do you own a white shirt?) When glum, call home.

Or should I present you with a parable? You've probably heard the ones about the good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son. No matter. Neither parable applies to you. You were born a good Samaritan and prodigality has never been one of your problems. Frankly, I do not know a work of moral fiction that could improve your character, for it has always seemed to your mother and me (admittedly prejudiced but not blind) that your character never needed much improving. I have not known anyone more fair-minded, more considerate, more able to swallow disappointment. Not from me did you get these things. Why should I expect to give you something special now?

Unless, as in the old days, you would like a story. This is a true one (I can swear to it), about a father and a son in a playground two years ago, in the spring, around noon. The boy was five. He had a basketball, which he dribbled off his toes half the time, and which he kept shooting at the hoop—underhand, both hands, straining to reach the rim. The father sat on a bench and watched. The boy kept at it. Then some bigger boys sauntered over, snatched the ball away and shot around, leaving the five-year-old watching too.

Gearing up for the rescue, the father asked his son if he wanted him to retrieve the ball. The boy said, "No. I think I can handle it." Which he did, simply by standing among the others patiently, occasionally catching the ball and passing it to one of them, until one of them eventually passed it to him. That's all there is to that story. The five-year-old continued to play ball, and his father sat in the sun. Goodbye, my boy.

—By Roger Rosenblatt



Illustration for TIME by Terry Allen

This is the new Buick Electra.

THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK (TEMP 108° F)—The dusty sedan appears suddenly out of the searing heat, then disappears into the forlorn wastes of the desert.

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